CVPID AND PSICHE.

or an Epick Poem

OF

Cupid, and his Mistreſs.

As it was lately preſented to the Prince Elector.

Written by, Shakerly Marmion.

Principibus placuiſſe Viris non vltima laus eſt.

London. Printed by Iohn Okes. for H. Sheppard. 1637.

A Morall Poem,

Intituled the Legend of

CVPID

and Pſyche.

Or CVPID and his *MISTRIS.*

As it was lately preſented to the *Prince Elector.*

Written by *Shackerley Marmion, Gent.*

Lucrece my booke, 'fore *Brutus* did refraine,
But *Brutus* gone, *ſhe* tooke it up againe.

LONDON;
Printed by *N.* and *I. Okes*, and are to be ſold by *H. Sheppard*, at his ſhop in *Chancery lane* neere *Serjants Inne*, at the Bible. 1637.

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OF CVPID and his

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TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY, CHARLES LODWICK, Prince Elector, Count Palatine of the *Rheine*, Arch Dapifer, Vicar of the Sacred Empire, Duke of *Bavaria*, and Knight of the most *Noble order of the Garter.*

High and Mighty Prince:

IT is not the greatnesse of an Oblation, but the sincerity which the gods are delighted with: from this hope, and out of an ambitious zeale, to become your adorers, the *Muses* amidst so many, and rich presents, have prepared this slender offering, and are themselves both the Priests, and the Sacrifice; Their devotion is cloath'd with purity, and their affections, are both earnest and powerful; for their wishes of your happi-

happineſſe are no leſſe than aſſurances; and their deſires propheſies: For this *Poem*, it was yours e're conceived; and the hope of being ſo, was both the efficient & finall cauſe of its production; for the Dedication was elder than the birth of it: And however in the outward barke and title thereof, it appeare painted with vanity, yet is that, but as a light garment to cover more deepe and weighty myſteries.

The dignity of the Subiect thus calculated, the ſeaſon of the yeare partly warrants an acceptation, but chiefly thoſe royall and freſh ſpringing ornaments of Candor and ingenuity, which are ſo conſpicuous through your greatneſſe: It has ever beene the priviledge of *Poeſie*; to claime acceſſe to the beſt and, moſt noble perſons; and if this worke ſhall be ſo happy, as to beare the impreſſe of your Princely approbation, it ſhall then paſſe currant to the World, and publiſh the great honour done to

Your Highneſſe moſt
humbly devoted:

SHACKERLEY MARMION.

To his worthy friend Master *Shackerley Marmion*, upon his *Poem* of *Cupid* and *Psyche*.

To give the world assurance, in this cold
And leaden age, that Love must ne're be old,
Cupid *and* Psyche *thou hast renderd more*
Youthfull and faire, than did the age of gold:
And if the sweetnesse they had heretofore
Found least decay, thou dost it now restore
With large encrease, instructing Love *to love,*
And in his Mistresse more affection move,
In this thy Poem; *which thou hadst a pen*
From Loves *owne wing to write, powerfull above*
His shafts: For thou same Iron hearts of men
Hast made in Love with Poesie; *that till then*
Could not discerne her beauty, and lesse see
Her exc'lence, as it is drawne out by thee,
In perfect Love-lines: *Cupid smiles to see't,*
And crownes his Mistresse with thy Poetry,
Compos'd of syllables, that kisse more sweete
Then Violets and Roses when they meeet:
And we, thine Arts just Lovers, as we looke
On Cupid *kissing* Psyche, *kisse thy Booke.*

To his loving friend, Mr. Shackerley Marmion, *the Authour.*

FRiend, I have read thy *Poem*, full of wit,
A Master-peece, He set my ſeale to it:
Let Judges reade, and ignorance be gone:
'Tis not for vulgar thumbs to ſweat upon
This learned worke: thy Muſe ſits in her place:
And Eagle-like, lookes *Phœbus* in the face.
Let thoſe voluminous Authours, that affect
Fame rather great, than good, thy worth reject.
Jewels are ſmall: ſhow'nlike art thou to thoſe,
That tire out Rime, and Verſe, till they trot Proſe:
And ride the Muſes *Pegaſus*, poore jade,
Till he be ſoundred, and make that their trade:
And to fill up the ſufferings of the beaſt,
Foot it themſelves three hundred miles at leaſt.
Theſe have no mercy on the Paper rheames,
But produce plaies, as ſchole-boys do wiere theams.
Thou keepſt thy Muſe in breath, and if men wage
Gold on her head, will better raine the ſtage:
And 'tis more praiſe, than hadſt thou labour'd in't,
To brand the world with twenty ſuch in print.

Francis Tuckyr.

To his worthy friend Maſter *Shackerley Marmion*, upon his *Poem* of *Cupid* and *Pſyche*.

TO give the world aſſurance, in this cold
And leaden age, that Love muſt ne're be old,
Cupid *and* Pſyche *thou haſt rendered more*
Youthfull and faire, than did the age of gold:
And if the ſweetneſſe they had heretofore
Found leaſt decay, thou doſt it now reſtore
With large encreaſe, inſtructing Love *to love,*
And in his Miſtreſſe more affection move,
In this thy Poem; *which thou haſt a pen*
From Loves *owne wing to write, powerfull above*
His ſhafts: For thou ſome Iron hearts of men
Haſt made in Love with Poeſie; *that till then*
Could not deſcerne her beauty, and leſſe ſee
Her excellence, as it is drawne out by thee,
In perfect Love-lines: *Cupid ſmiles to ſee't,*
And crownes his Miſtreſſe with thy Poetry,
Compos'd of ſyllables, that kiſſe more ſweete
Then Violets and Roſes when they meete:
And we, thine Arts juſt Lovers, as we looke
On Cupid *kiſſing* Pſyche, *kiſſe thy Booke.*

To his loving friend, Mr. Shackerley Marmion, *the Authour.*

FRiend, I have read thy *Poem*, full of wit,
A Maſter-piece, Ile ſet my ſeale to it:
Let Judges reade, and ignorance be gone:
'Tis not for vulgar thumbs to ſweat upon
This learned worke: thy Muſe flies in her place:
And Eagle-like, lookes *Phœbus* in the face.
Let thoſe voluminous Authours, that affect
Fame rather great, than good, thy worth reject.
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That tire out Rime, and Verſe, till they trot Proſe?
And ride the Muſes *Pegaſus*, poore jade,
Till he be foundred; and make that their trade:
And to fill up the ſufferings of the beaſt,
Foot it themſelves three hundred miles at leaſt.
Theſe have no mercy on the Paper rheames,
But produce plaies, as ſchole-boys do write theams.
Thou keepſt thy Muſe in breath, and if men wage
Gold on her head, will better runne the ſtage:
And 'tis more praiſe, than hadſt thou labour'd in't,
To brand the world with twenty ſuch in print.

Francis Tuckyr.

To his true friend the Author, Maiſter *Shackerley Marmion, &c.*

WHat need I racke the limbs of my weake *Muſe*,
To fill a page might ſerve for better uſe?
Then make ſome ſquint-ey'd Reader cenſure me
A Flatterer, for iuſtly praiſing *thee?*
It is enough, (and in that cauſes right
Many thy former *workes* may boldly fight)
He for a good one muſt this *piece* allow,
Reades but the *Title*, and thy *Name* below.

Tho. Nabbes.

Of my worthy friend, Mr. *Shackerley Marmion*, upon his Poem, of *Cupid* and *Pſyche.*

LOve *and the* Soule *are two things, both* Divine,
Thy task (*friend* Marmion) *now, which once was* (*mine.*
What I writ was Dramatical; *thy* Muſe
Runnes in an Epick ſtraine, which they ſtill uſe,

To the Author.

Who write Heroicke Poems. Thine is such,
Which when I read, I could not praise too much.
The Argument *is high, and not within*
Their shallow reach to catch, who hold no sin
To taxe, what they conceive not; the best minds
Iudge trees by fruit, not by their leaves and rinds.
And such can find (full knowledge having gain'd)
In leaden Fables, golden truths contain'd.
Thy subjects of that nature, a sublime
And weighty rapture, which being cloath'd in ryme,
Carries such sweetnesse with't, as hadst thou sung
Vnto Apollo's *Harpe, being newly strung.*
These, had they issued from an others Pen,
A stranger, and unknowne to me, I then
Could not have bin so pleas'd: But from a Friend,
Where I might envy, I must now commend.
And glad I am this faire course thou hast runne,
Vnvext to see my selfe so farre out done.
Twixt Intimates, who mutuall love professe,
Mores not requir'd, and mine could show no lesse.

Thomas Heywood.

The Argument.

THere were inhabitant in a certaine Cittie, a King and Queene, who had three Daughters; the elder two of a moderate, and meane beauty; but the yongeſt was of ſo curious, ſo pleaſing a feature, and exact ſymmetry of body, that men eſteem'd her generally a Goddeſſe, and the *Venus* of the earth. Her ſiſters being happily married to their deſires and dignities, ſhee only out of a ſuper-excellency of perfection, became rather the ſubject of adoration, then *Love*. *Venus* conceiving an offence, and envious of her good parts, incites *Cupid* to a revenge, and ſevere vindication of his mothers honour. *Cupid* like a fine Archer, comming to execute his mothers deſigne, fals in love with the *maide*, and wounds himſelfe. *Apollo*, by *Cupids* ſubornation, adjudges her in

marriage to a *Serpent*. Vpon which, like *Andromeda*, ſhe is left chain'd to a Rocke, her marriage being celebrated, rather with funerall obſequies, than Hymenæall ſolemnities. In this miſerable affright ſhe is borne farre away by the weſt Wind, to a goodly faire houſe, whoſe wealth and ſtatelineſſe no praiſe can determine. Her husband in the deadneſſe, and ſolitude of night, did oft-times enioy her, and as he entred in obſcurity, ſo he departed in ſilence, without once making himſelfe knowne unto her: thus ſhe continued for a long ſeaſon, being onely waited upon by the miniſtery of the winds, and voyces: Her ſiſters came every day to ſeeke, and bewaile her; and though her husband did with many threats prohibit her the ſight of them; yet naturall affection prevailed above coniugall duty; for ſhe never ceaſed with teares to ſolicite him, till he had permitted their acceſſe. They no no ſooner arived, but inſtantly corrupt her, and with wicked counſell deprave her underſtanding, infuſing a beliefe, that ſhe had married

married, and did nightly embrace a true Serpent; nor are they yet contented to turne the heaven of her ſecurity into the hell of ſuſpicion, but with many importunities proceed, exhorting her to kill him, which ſhe alſo aſſents unto: Thus credulity proves the mother of deceite, and curioſity the Step-mother of ſafety: Having thus prepar'd for his deſtruction, the Sceane is altered, and ſhee acts the Tragedy of her owne happy fortunes; for comming with an intent to miſchiefe him, ſo ſoone as the light had diſcovered what he was, ſhee fals into an extremity of love and paſsion, being altogether raviſht with his beauty and habiliments; and while ſhe kiſſes him, with as little modeſty as care; the burning Lampe drops upon his ſhoulder, whereupon her husband furiouſly awakes, and having with many expoſtulations abandoned her falſehood, ſcornes and forſakes her: the maide after a tedious pilgrimage to regaine his love and ſociety: *Ceres* and *Juno* having both repulſed her, freely at the laſt offers up her ſelfe to *Venus*, where

where through her iniunctions and imperious commands: ſhe is courſely intreated, and ſet to many hard and grievous taskes: as firſt the ſeperation of ſeverall graines; with the fetching of the *Stygian* water, and the golden fleece, and the boxe of beauty from *Proſerpine*; all which by divine aſsiſtance being performed, ſhee is reconcil'd, and in the preſence of all the gods married to her husband: the wedding is ſolemniz'd in heaven.

The

BY the City is meant the World: by the King and Queene, God, and Nature: by the two elder ſiſters, the fleſh and the will: by the laſt the ſoule, which is the moſt beautifull, and the youngeſt, ſince ſhe is infuſed, after the body is faſhioned: Venus, by which is underſtood luſt is feigned to envy her, and ſtirre up Cupid, which is Deſire, to deſtroy her: But becauſe Deſire has equall relation both to good and evill, he is here brought in to love the ſoule, and to be joynd with her, whom alſo he perſwades not to ſee his face; that is, not to learne his delights and vanities: for Adam, though he were naked, yet he ſaw it not, till he had eaten of the tree of concupiſcence. And whereas, ſhe is ſaid to burne him, with the deſpumation of the Lampe; by that is underſtood, that ſhe vomits out the flames of deſire, which was hid in her breaſt; for deſire the more it is kindled, the more it burnes, and makes as it were a bliſter in the minde: thus, like Eve, being made naked through deſire, ſhe is caſt

caſt out of all happineſſe, exhil'd from her houſe, and toſt with many dangers: By Ceres *and* Iuno *both repulſing of her, is meant, that neither wealth, nor honour, can ſuccour a diſtreſſed ſoule: in the ſeparation of ſeverall graines, is underſtood the act of the ſoule, which is retollection; and the ſubſtance of, that act, her fore-paſt ſinnes: by her going to hell, and thoſe ſeverall occurrences, are meant the many degrees of deſpaire: by the* Stygian *water, the teares of repentance; and by the golden fleece, her forgiveneſſe. All which, as in the argument is ſpecified, being by divine providence accompliſht, ſhe is married to her ſpouſe in heaven.*

A Mo-

A Morall Poem,

Intituled the Legend of CUPID and PSICHE.

THE FIRST SECTION.

TRuth sayes of old, and we must owe that truth
Vnto tradition, when the world in youth,
Wch was the goldē *age*, brought forth the *pen*,
Love and the *Muses*, which since gave to men
Inheritance of Fame, for these began
At once, and were all coetanean.
A happy season, when the ayre was cleare;
No sickenesse, nor infection did appeare,
No sullen change of seasons did molest
The fruitfull soyle, but the whole yeare was blest,
With a perpetuall *Spring*, no *Winter* storme
Did crispe the *Hills*, nor mildew blast the *Corne*:
Yet happier farre, in that it forth did bring
The subject of this verse, whereof I sing

Cupid and *Psyche.*

Vnder the *Zenith* of Heavens milke-white way,
Is a faire country called *Lusinia*,
'Tis Natures chiefest Wardrop, where doe lye
Her ornaments of rich variety:
Where first her glorious Mantle she puts on,
When through the world she rides procession;
Here dwelt a King and Queene of mighty power,
Iudg'd for their vertues, worthy such a dower.
They had betwixt themselves three Daughters born,
Conspicuous for their comlinesse and forme.
The elder two did neither much excell,
But then the younger had no paralell,
Whose lovely cheekes with Heavenly luster shone,
And eyes were farre too bright to looke upon:
Nay, it is credible, though fancies wing (bring
Should mount above the *Orbes*, and thence downe
Th' Elixar of all beauty, and dispence
Vnto one creature, the whole influence,
And harmony of the Speares, it might not dare
VVith her for face and feature, to compare.
Zeuxis the painter, who to draw one peece,
Survay'd the choycest Virgins of all *Greece*,
Had rested here, his Art without this stir,
Might have beene bounded, and confin'd in her.
Looke how the spiced fields in *Autumne* smell,
And rich perfumes, that in *Arabia* dwell:
Such was her fragrant sweetnesse, the Sunnes Bird,
The *Phanix* fled farre off, and was afeard
To be seene neere, least she his pride should quell,
Or make him seeme a common spectacle.
Nor did the painted Peacocke once presume,
Within her presence to display his plume.

Nor

Cupid and *Psyche.*

Nor Rose, nor Lilly durst their Silkes unfold,
But shut their leaves up like the Marygold.
They all had beene ill favour'd, she alone
Was judg'd the Mistresse of perfection.
Her fame spread farre abroad, and thither brought
Thousands, that gazing worshipt her, and thought
The Goddesse, whom the greene-fac'd Sea had bred,
And dew of foaming waves had nourished.
Venus her selfe, regardlesse of her honour,
Did live with mortals, whosoe'r lookt on her,
Even most prophane, did think she was divine,
And grudg'd not to doe worship to her shrine.
For this cause, *Venus* Temples were defac'd,
Her sacrifice, and Ceremonies rac'd;
Her widdowed Altars in cold ashes mourn'd,
Her Images uncrown'd, her Groves deform'd:
Her Rites were all polluted with contempt,
For none to *Paphos*, nor *Cytheros* went.
This Maide was sole ador'd, *Venus* displeas'd,
Might in this Virgin onely be appeas'd:
The people in the street to her would bow,
And as she past along, would Garlands strow.
Venus at this conceiv'd a jealous ire,
(For heavenly minds burne with an earthly fire)
And spake with indignation, what shall I,
Mother of Elements, and loftiest skie,
Beginner of the world, Parent of Nature,
Pertake mine honour with an earthly creature?
Shall silly giules destin'd to death, and Fate,
My high-borne name, and stile contaminate?
In vaine did then the *Phrygian* Shepheard give
The Ball to me, when three of us did strive

Who ſhould excel in beauty, and all ſtood
Naked before the Boy, to tempt his blood,
When they with Royall gifts ſought to beguile
His judgement, I alur'd him with a ſmile:
But this uſurper of my dignities,
Shall have but little cauſe to boaſt the prize;
With that ſhe call'd her raſh, and winged child
Arm'd with Bow, Torch, and quiver: that is wild
With miſchiefe, he that with his evil waies
Corrupts all publick diſcipline, and ſtraies
Through chambers in the night, & with falſe beames,
Or with his ſtinging Arrowes, or with dreames,
Tempts unto luſt, and does no good at all:
This childe I ſay did *Venus* to her call,
And ſtirres him up with words malitious,
That was by nature too licentious:
For bringing him where *Psyche* dwelt, for ſo
This Maid was call'd, ſhe there unfolds her woe,
And emulous tale. *Cupid* quoth ſhe, my ſtay,
My onely ſtrength, & power, whoſe boundles ſway,
Contemnes the thunder of my Father *Ioue*,
I here intreate thee by thy Mothers love,
Thoſe wounding ſweets, and ſweet wounds of thy Quiver,
And honey burnings of thy torch, deliver
My Soule from griefe, revenge me on this mayd
And all her boaſted beauty ſee decay'd,
Or elſe ſtrike her in love with one ſo poore,
So miſerably loſt, ſtript of all ſtore
Of meanes, or vertue; ſo deform'd of limb,
That none in all the world may equall him.
To move her Sonne, no flattering words ſhe ſpar'd,
But breath'd on him with kiſſes, long and hard,

This done; ſhe haſts to the next ebbing ſhore,
And with her roſie feet inſulting ore
The ſubmiſſe waves, a *Dolphin* ſhe beſtrides,
And on the utmoſt Billows proudly rides.
A troupe of *Tritons* were ſtraight ſounding heard,
And rough *Portumnus* with his moſſy beard,
Salacia heavy with her fiſhy traine,
And *Nereus* daughters came to entertaine
The Sea-borne Goddeſſe; ſome plaid on a ſhell,
Some with their Garments labour'd to expell
The ſcorching heat, and Sun-ſhine from her face,
And other ſome did hold a looking-glaſſe:
All theſe in triumph by the *Dolphin* ſwam,
And followed *Venus* to the Ocean;
Phyche the while, in this great height of bliſſe,
Yet reapes no fruit of all her happineſſe,
For neither King, nor Prince, nor Potentate,
Nor any durſt attempt her for a mate,
But as a poliſht picture her admire,
And in that admiration ceaſe deſire:
Her Siſters both, whoſe moderate beauty none
Did much deſpiſe, nor much contemplate on,
VVere to their wiſhes happily contracted,
And by two Kings eſpouſ'd. *Pſyche* diſtracted
Becauſe ſhe had no lover, penſive ſate
In mind, and body, and began to hate,
And curſe that beauty, and eſteeme at nought,
Which, but was excellent, had no other fault.
Cupid now in a cauſeleſſe rage was gone,
To whet his Arrowes on a bloody ſtone,
As if he were t'encounter with ſome maine
Monſter, like *Python*, by *Apollo* ſlaine,

Or *Iove*, or *Titan* lame, or once agen,
Draw the pale Moone downe to the *Latmian* Den,
Or with Loves fire great *Pluto* to annoy,
For theſe were workes of *labour*, and the Boy
Was ignorant, how matters would ſucceed,
Or what the fate of Beauty had Decreed.
Therefore he fyl'd his arrowes ſharpe and ſmal,
To pierce what ever they ſhould meet withal.
And vow'd, if cauſe were, he his *ſhafts* would ſhiver,
'Gainſt *Pſyches* breaſt, and empty all his Quiver.
Themis a Goddeſſe, whom great *Iove* had ſent
Into the World, for good, or puniſhment,
As juſtice ſhould require, when ſhe did heare
Cupid ſo proudly boaſt, againe did ſweare,
That *ſhe* his haughty malice would abate,
And turne the edge, both of his *ſhafts*, and *hate*.
And having thus diſarm'd him, ten to one,
VVould change his *fury* to *affection*.
A clap of *Thunder* all about them ſhooke,
To ratifie, what *Themis* undertooke.
Then both together went, and entring found,
Faire *Pſyche*, with her looks fixt on the ground.
Honor and *Modeſty*, with equall grace,
Simplicity and *truth*, ſmil'd in her face.
But riſing up, there ſhot from eyther eye,
Such beames, as did *Loves* ſenſes ſtupefie.
And as in this diſtraction *he* did ſtand,
He let his *arrowes* fall out of his hand.
VVhich *Themis* laughing tooke, and thence conuay'd,
VVhi'ſt *Cupid* minded nothing but the *Mayde*.
Then did *he* crye amaz'd, what fence is here?
Beauty and Vertue have no other ſpheare.

Her

Her brow's a Caſtle, and each lip a Fort,
Where thouſand armed Deities reſort
To guard the golden fruit from all ſurprize,
Chaſtly, and ſafe, as the *Heſperides.*
Pardon me, *Venus*, if I thee abridge
Of this unjuſt revenge; 'twere ſacrilidge,
Beyond *Prometheus* theft, to quench ſuch fire,
Or ſteale it from *her* eyes, but to inſpire
Cupids owne breaſt, in all *Loves* ſpoyles, I yet
Never beheld ſo rich a Cabinet.
Iove, here for ever, here, my heart confine,
And let me all my Empery reſigne.
Then looking downe, he found himſelfe bereft
Of his looſe armes, and ſmil'd at *Themis* theft;
Becauſe he knew, ſhe might as ſoone abide
Fire in her boſome, as *Loves* arrows hide.
But that they muſt againe with ſhame be ſent,
And claime, for the poſſeſſion, a deare rent:
Yet one dropt out by chance, and 'twas the beſt
Of all the bundle, and the curiouſeſt.
The plumes were colour'd azure, white, and red,
The ſhaft painted alike downe to the head,
Which was of burniſht Gold: this *Cupid* tooke,
And in revenge, through his owne boſome ſtrooke:
Then ſighing call'd, You *Lovers* all, in chiefe)
Whom I have wrong'd, come tryumph at my griefe;
See, and be ſatisfied for all my ſinne,
'Tis not one place that I am pained in,
My Arrows venome is diſperſed round,
And beauties ſigne is potent in each wound.
Thus he with pitty did himſelfe deplore,
For never pitty enter'd him before.

Ill as he was, he tooke his flight, and came
Vnto the palace of the Sun, whoſe flame
VVas farre inferiour to what *Cupid* felt;
And ſaid, deare *Phœbus*, if I ſtill have dealt
Like a true friend, and ſtood thee in ſome ſteed,
VVhen thou for love didſt like a ſhepheard feed,
Admetus Cattle, now thine helpe impart,
Tis not for Phiſicke, though I am ſick at heart,
That I implore, but through thy skill devine
The faireſt *Pſyche* for my wife aſſigne:
Phœbus aſſents, and did not long delay,
To make it good by a Prophetick way;
Her Father fearing for the injury,
Offerd to *Venus* ſacred Deity,
Conſults the *Delpick* Oracle, who thus
Expounds his mind in tearmes ambiguous.

The Oracle.

Your Daughter bring to a ſteepe mountaine ſpire,
Inveſted with a funerall attire;
Expect no good, but bind her to a ſtake,
No mortall wight, her for a wife ſhall take:
But a huge venomn'd Serpent, that does fly
With ſpeckled wings, above the ſtarry ſky.
And downe againe, does the whole Earth moleſt
With fire, and ſword, and all kind of unreſt,
So great in malice, and ſo ſtrong in might,
That Heaven, and hell doe tremble at his flight.

The King affrighted what this ſpeech ſhould weene
Goes ſlow, and ſadly home unto his Queene,
Both ponder in their mind the ſtrange prediction,
VVhether it were a riddle, or a fiction:

What

What gloſſe it might endure, and what pretence,
Whither a verball, or a miſtick ſence;
Which caſt about in vaine, they both bewaile
Their Daughters chance, but griefe can not prevaile;
But that ſhe muſt fulfill the *Delpicke* doome,
Or worſer plagues are threatned in the roome:
And now the pitchy torches lighted are,
And for her fatall Marriage they prepare,
Songs are to howlings turn'd, bright fire to fume,
And pleaſant muſicke to the *Lydian* tune:
For *Hymens Saffron* weed, that ſhould adorne
Young bluſhing Brides, *Pſyche* is forc'd to mourne,
And for her mourning a blacke mantle weares,
With which ſhe gently wipes away her teares.
Thus all the City waite her in ſad wiſe,
Not to her wedding, but her obſequies;
But whilſt her parents weake excuſes make,
And vaine delaies, thus *Pſyche* them beſpake?
Why doe you thus with deepe fetch't ſighs perplex
Your moſt unhappy age? why doe you vexe
Your ſpirit, which is mine, and thus diſgrace
With fruitleſſe teares, your venerable face?
Why doe you teare your haire, and beat your breſt?
Are theſe the hopefull iſſues, and the bleſt
Rewards for beauty? then ought you lament,
When all the City with a joyn'd conſent
Did ſtile me the new *Venus*, and aſcrib'd
Thoſe honours which to mortals are deny'd.
'Twas your ambition firſt pluckt on my ſhame,
I ſee, and feele my ruine in her name:
'Tis now to late, we ſuffer under thoſe
Deepe wounds of envy, which the Gods impoſe;

Where is the rocke? why doe you linger ſo?
Leade hence, my thinks I long to undergoe
This happy Marriage, and I long to ſee
My noble Husband, whatſoere he bee:
Into his armes, ô let me ſoone be hurl'd,
That's borne for the deſtruction of the world.
This ſaid, each ſtander by, with hang'd downe head
And mournfull pompe the Virgin followed,
And to the place prefixt her armes they tye,
Then howling forth a dolefull Elegy,
Depart from her in teares, wiſhing from farre
Some winged *Perſeus* might deliver her.
Pſyche affrighted thus, and they all gone,
A gentle gale of wind came poſting on,
Who with his whiſpers having charm'd her feares,
The maid aſleep on his ſoft boſome beares.
This wind is called *Zephirus*, whoſe mild
And fruitfull breath gets the young ſpring with child,
Filling her wombe with ſuch delicious heat,
As breeds the blooming Roſe, and Violet:
Him *Cupid* for his delicacy choſe,
And did this amorous taske on him impoſe,
To fetch his Miſtreſſe; but leaſt he ſhould burne
With beauties fire, he bad him ſoone returne:
But all in vaine, for promiſers are fraile,
And vertue flyes, when love once blowes the ſayle,
For as ſhe ſlept, he lingred on his way,
And oft embrac'd, and kiſt her as his praye,
And gaz'd to ſee how farre ſhe did ſurpaſſe
Erichtheus Daughter, wife to *Boreas*,
Faire *Orythia*; and as ſhe began
To waxe hot through his motion, he would fan

And

And coole her with his wings, which did diſperſe
A perfum'd ſent, through all the vniverſe;
For 'fore that time, no fragrant ſmell did live
In any thing, till *Pſyche* did it give:
Hearbes, Gummes, and ſpices had perhaps a name,
But their firſt odours from her breathing came:
And in this manner *Zephirus* flew on
With wanton gyres, through every region
Of the vaſt ayre, then brought her to a vale,
Where thouſand ſeverall flowers her ſweets exhale:
The whilſt her parents rob'd of her deare ſight,
Devote themſelves to everlaſting night.

The Second Section.

THus *Pſyche* on a graſſy bed did lye,
Adorn'd with *Floras* richeſt tapeſtry,
Where all her ſences with ſoft ſlumber bound,
At laſt awakt, and riſing from a ſwound
She ſpies a wood, with faire trees beautifi'd,
And a pure chriſtall Fountaine by the ſide,
A Kingly Palace ſtood not farr apart,
Built not with humane hands, but devine *Art*;
For by the ſtructure men might gueſſe it be
The habitation of ſome Deity:
The Roofe within was curiouſly o're ſpread
With *Ivory*, and Gold enamelled;
The Gold was burniſht, gliſtering like a flame,
And Golden pillers did ſupport the ſame;
The walles were all with Silver wainſcott lin'd,
With ſeverall Beaſts, and Pictures there inſhrin'd,
The Floure, and Pavement with like glory ſhone,
Cut in rare figures, made of pretious Stone,

That though the Sun ſhould hide his light away,
You might behold the houſe through its owne day.
Sure 'twas ſome wondrous power by *arts* extent
That fancied forth ſo great an argument:
And no leſſe happy they, that did command,
And with their feet trod on ſo rich a land,
Pſyche amaz'd, fixt her delighted eye,
On the magnificence, and treaſury,
And wondred moſt, that ſuch a maſſe of wealth
Was by no doore, nor guard, preſerv'd from ſtealth:
For looking when ſome ſervant ſhould appeare,
She onely heard voices attending there,
That ſaid, faire Miſtreſſe why are you afraide?
All theſe are yours, and we to doe you ayd.
Come up into the roomes, where ſhall be ſhowne
Chambers all ready furniſht, all your owne:
From thence deſcend, and take the ſpiced aire,
Or from your bath unto your bed repaire,
Whilſt each of vs, that *Eccho* repreſents,
Devoyd of all corporeall inſtruments,
Shall waite your Miniſter: no Princely fare
Shall wanting be, no dilligence, no care,
To doe you ſervice. *Pſyche* had the ſence
To taſt, and thanke the Gods beneficence:
VVhen ſtraight, a mighty golden diſh was brought,
Repleat with all the dainties can be thonght;
And next a bowle was on the table ſet,
Fraught with the richeſt Nectar, that ere yet
Faire *Hebe* fill'd to *Iuno*, Heavens Queene,
Or *Ganimed* to *Iove*; yet none was ſeene,
Nor creature found to pledge, or to begin,
But ſome impulſive ſpirit brought it in.

The banquet ended, there was heard on high,
A conſort of celeſtiall harmony:
And Muſick, mixt with ſounds articulate,
That *Phœbus* ſelfe might ſtrive to emulate.
All pleaſures finiſht, *Pſyche* went to reſt,
But could finde none, becauſe her troubled breaſt
Labour'd with ſtrange events, and now the noone
Of night began t'approach, and the pale Moone
Hid her weake beames, and ſleepe had ſeiz'd all eyes,
But Lovers, vext with feares and jealouſies.
What female heart, or conſcience ſo ſtrong
Through the diſcharge of ſinne? but yet among
So many fancies of her active braine,
She muſt a hundred terrours entertaine?
And more, and greater her amazements were,
Becauſe ſhe knew not, what ſhe was to feare.
In came her dreadfull husband, ſo conceiv'd,
Till his ſweet voyce told her, ſhe was deceiv'd.
For drawing neare, he ſate upon the bed,
Then laid his gentle hand upon her head,
And next embrac'd, and kiſt, and did imbrew
Her balmy lips with a delicious dew:
So, ſo, ſayes he, let each give up his treaſure,
Quite bankrupt through a rich exchange of pleaſure.
So lets ſweet *Loves preludiums* begin,
My armes ſhall be thy Spheare to wander in,
Circled about with ſpells, to charme thy feares.
Inſtead of *Morpheus* to provoke thy teares,
With horrid dreames, *Venus* ſhall thee entrance
With thouſand ſhapes of wanton dalliance:
Each of thy ſenſes thou ſhalt perfect find,
All but thy ſight, for *Love* ought to be blind.

And having ſaid ſo, he made haſte to bed.
Enjoy'd his ſpouſe, and got her Maydenhead:
And leaſt that ſhe his feature ſhould diſcloſe,
He went away before the morning roſe:
Her vocall ſervants watching at the dore,
With their mild whiſpers enterd in before
Pſyche awak't, and joy'd the bride to ſee,
And cheer'd her for her ſlaine virginity.
Theſe things being acted in continued time,
And as all humane natures doe incline
To take delight by cuſtome, *Pſyche* ſo
With theſe aëreall comforts eas'd her woe:
But yet her Parents with unwearied griefe
Waxt old in teares, and hated all reliefe.
Her Siſters too forſooke their houſe, and home,
And came to adde unto their fathers moane.
That night her husband *Pſyche* thus beſpake,
Alas ſweet heart, what comfort can I take,
That ſpend the day in ſighes, when you are gone,
Rob'd of all humane converſation:
My undiſtinguiſht friends are baniſht quite,
That almoſt weepe their eyes out for my ſight,
Not one of all to beare me company:
O let me ſee my ſiſters, or I dye.
Her husband her imbrac'd, and kiſt away
Thoſe hurtfull teares, and thus began to ſay:
Pſyche my ſweet, and deareſt wife, I ſee,
Fortune beginnes to threat thy miſery.
What envious Fate ſuggeſts this baneful boone,
To force my griefe, and thy deſtruction?
Thy ſiſters both, through their vaine fancies led,
And troubled with the thought that thou art dead,

VVill ſeek thee forth: but if thou ſhouldſt regard
Their fruitleſſe teares, or ſpeake to them a word,
Or by their wicked counſell ſeeke to pry
With ſacrilegious curioſity, (throw
And view my ſhape, how quickly wouldſt thou
Thy ſelfe downe headlong to the depth of woe:
Thy wretched ſtate for ever to deplore,
Nor muſt thou hope to touch me any more.
Pſyche regardleſſe, what his love, or feares
Did prompt unto her good, ſtill perſeveres
In her raſh vote: for all (though to their coſt)
Deſire forbidden things; but women moſt.
My honey husband, my ſweet love, quoth ſhe,
How doe I prize thee, whatſoere thou be:
Above my ſoule, more then my owne deare life:
Nor would I change to be young *Cupids* wife.
And rather vow'd a thouſand deaths to dye,
Then live divorc'd from his ſociety.
Her husband overcome through his owne fire,
VVhich her impreſſive kiſſes did inſpire:
Gives way to his new ſpouſe, and a ſtrict charge
To *Zephirus*, that he ſhould ſpread at large
His plumy ſayles, and bring her ſiſters twaine,
Both ſafe in preſence of his wife, in paine,
To be in priſon, and ſtrict durance bound,
VVith the earths weighty fetters under ground,
And a huge mountaine to be laid upon
His ayerie backe, which if it once were done,
No power could e're redeeme his liberty,
Nor *Æolus* himſelfe might ſet him free.
Lovers commands are ſtill imperious:
VVhich made the fierce and haughty *Zephyrus*

Swell

Swell with cloſe indignation, and fret
To ſee his ſervice ſlighted ſo, but yet
Not daring to proclaime his diſcontent,
Made a ſoft noiſe, and murmur'd as he went.
By chance her ſiſters at that inſtant time,
With long laborious ſteps the Hill did clime,
Where *Pſyche* firſt was left, and with their plaine,
Waken the rocks, ſtill they reſult againe.
Calling their ſiſter by her proper name,
With hideous cryes, untill the weſt winde came,
And as command was, in a winged chaire,
With harmeleſſe portage bore them through the aire.
All three together by this meanes combin'd,
Embrace each other with a mutuall mind.
Vntill their ſpirits, and the day was ſpent
In long, and ceremonious complement.
Sometimes faire *Pſyche*, proud her friends were by,
To witneſſe her majeſtick bravery:
Vſhering her ſiſters with affected gate,
VVould ſhew them all her glory, and her ſtate,
And round about her golden houſe diſplay
The maſſie wealth that unregarded lay.
Sometimes ſhe would demonſtrate to their eares
Her eaſie power on thoſe familiars,
That like a numerous family did ſtand,
To execute the charge of her command.
Nor was there wanting any thing, that might
Procure their admiration, or delight:
That whereas erſt they pitied her diſtreſſe,
Now ſwell with envy of her happineſſe.
There is a Goddeſſe flyes through the earths globe
Girt witha cloud, and in a ſqualid robe,

Daughter

Daughter to *Pluto*, and the ſilent night,
Whoſe direfull preſence does the *Sun* affright:
Her name is *Ate*, venome is her food,
The very Furies and *Tartarian* brood
Doe hate her for her uglineſſe, ſhe blacks
Her horrid viſage with ſo many *Snakes*,
And as her treſſes 'bout her necke ſhe hurles,
The Serpents hiſſe within their knotty curles.
Sorrow, and ſhame, death, and a thouſand woes,
And diſcord waites her, where ſo ere ſhe goes,
Who riding on a whirle wind through the ſky,
The ſaw faire *Pſyche* in her jollity,
And grudg'd to ſee it; for ſhe does profeſſe
Her ſelfe a foe, to every good ſucceſſe:
Then caſt to ruine her; but found no way,
Leſſe ſhe could make her ſiſters her betray,
Then cropt foure *Snakes* out of her hayry neſt,
And as they ſlept, caſt two on eithers breſt,
Who peircing through their boſomes in a trice,
Poyſon'd their ſoules, but made no Orifice:
And all this while the powerfull bane did lurke
VVithin their hearts, and now began to worke:
For one of them, too farre inquiſitive,
VVith crafty malice did begin to dive
Into her councell, ſtudious for to learne,
Whom ſo divine poſſeſſions might concerne:
But all in vaine, no lineall reſpect,
No *Syren* charmes, might move her to reject
His precepts; nothing they could doe, or ſay,
Might tempt her, his ſweet councell to betray:
Yet leaſt too much ſuſpence of what he is, (this,
Should trouble their looſe thoughts, ſhe told them

He was a faire young man, whose downy chin,
Was newly deckt with natures coverin,
And that he vs'd with hunting still to rome
About the woods, and seldome was at home,
But fearing their discourse might her entrap,
She poures forth gold, and jewels in their lapp,
And turning all their travell to their gaine,
Commands the winds to beare them backe againe.
This done, her sisters after their returne,
With envies fuell, both begin to burne
Vnable to containe their discontent,
And to their swell'd up malice give a vent.
Sayes one unto the other, what's the cause,
That we both priviledg'd by natures lawes,
And of the selfe same parents both begot,
Should yet sustaine such an indifferent lot?
You know, that we are like to handmaides wed
To strangers, and like strangers banished.
When she, the off-spring of a latter birth,
Sprung from a wombe, that like the tyred earth
Grew old with bearing, nor yet very wise, (prize
Enjoyes that wealth, whose use, whose worth and
She knowes not, what rich furniture there's one,
What Gemmes, what gold, what likes we trod upon:
And if her husband bee so brave a man
As she affirmes, and boasts, what woman can
In the whole world compare with her? at length
Perhaps by customes progresse, and the strength
Of Love, he may her like himselfe translate
And make her with the Gods participate.
She has already for to come, and goe
Voyces her handmaids, and the winds, 'tis so;

She

She bore her ſelfe with no leſſe Majeſty,
And breath'd out nothing but Divinity:
But I poore wretch, the more to aggravate
My cares, and the iniquity of fate,
Have got a Husband, elder then my Sire,
And then a boy farre weaker in deſire;
Who though he have nor will, nor power, to uſe
What he enjoyes, does miſer like refuſe;
To his owne wife this benefit to grant,
That others ſhould ſupply, his, and my want:
Her Siſter anſwers, doe not I embrace
A man farre worſe, and is't not my owne caſe?
I have a husband to, not worth a poynt,
And one, that has the Gout in every joynt:
His Noſe is dropping, and his eyes are gumm'd,
His Body crooked, and his Fingers numm'd,
His Head, which ſhould of wiſedome be the place,
Is growne more Bald, than any Looking-glaſſe;
That I am faine the part to undergoe,
Not of a wife, but a Phyſitian to;
Still plying him, howere my ſenſe it loathes:
With Oyles and Balmes, and cataplaſmes and cloaths,
Yet you ſee, with what patience I endure
This ſervile office, and this fruitleſſe cure,
The whilſt the minkes our Siſter, you beheld
With how great pride, and arrogance, ſhe ſwell'd,
And though much wealth lay ſcatter'd all along,
Yet out of it, how ſmall a portion
She gave to us, and how unwillingly,
Then blew, or hiſt us from her company.
Let me not breath, nor me a woman call,
Vnleſſe I ſtraight her ſhine, or enthrall

In everlasting misery: and first
In this one poynt, i'll render her accurst.
We will not any into wonder draw,
Nor comfort, by relating what we saw,
For they can not be said true joy to owne,
VVhose neither wealth, nor happinesse is knowne.
It is enough, that we have seene and greive,
That we have seene it, let none else beleive
The truth from our report. So lets repaire
To our owne home, and our owne homely fare,
And then returne, to vindicate her pride,
With fraud and malice, strongly fortifi'd:
VVhich to confirme, ungratefull as they were,
(For wicked councell ever is most deare
To wicked people,) home againe they drew,
And their fayn'd griefe most impiously renew.

The Third Section.

BY this faire *Psyches* wombe began to breed,
And was made pregnant with immortall seed;
Yet this condition was on her impos'd,
That it should mortall prove, if she disclos'd
Her husbands councels: who can now relate
The joy that she conceiv'd, to propagate
A Divine birth? she reckons every day, (vay,
And weeke, and moneth, and does her wombe sur-
And wonders since so little was instill'd
So small a Vessell should so much be fill'd:
Her husband smelling of her sisters drift,
Began to call faire *Psyche* unto shrift,
And warne her thus, the utmost day fayes he;
And lateſt chance is now befalne to thee,

A ſexe pernitious of thine owne deare blood,
Has taken armes up to withſtand thy good.
Againe thy ſiſters with regardleſſe care
Of love, or piety, come to enſnare,
And tempt thy faith, which I forbad before,
That thou my ſhape, and viſage ſhouldſt explore:
In liew of which, take up a like defence,
Protecting with religious continence,
Our houſe from ruine, and thy ſelfe prevent,
And our ſmall pledge from dangers imminent.
Pſyche with ſighes, and teares together blent,
Breaks off his ſpeech, ſince you a document
Have of my ſilence, and my love, quoth ſhe,
Why ſhould you feare to truſt my conſtancy?
Which to confirme, bid *Zephirus* fulfill
Once more his duty, and obey my will.
That ſince your long'd for ſight I am deny'd,
I may behold my ſiſters by my ſide.
Turne not away ſweet love, I thee beſeeke,
By thy curl'd haire, and by thy ſilken cheeke:
Deigne from thy bounty, this ſmall boone to ſpare,
Since the forc'd ignorance of what you are,
Muſt not offend me, nor the darkeſt night,
Where I embrace in you a greater light.
Charm'd with her ſugred words, he gives conſent,
That the ſwift wind, with haſt incontinent;
Although unwilling, ſhould diſplay his wing,
And the ſhe traytors to faire *Pſyche* bring.
Thus altogether met, her ſiſters twaine,
Embrace their prey, and a falſe love doe faine.
Pſyche, ſayes one, you are a mother growne:
My thinks your wombe like a full Roſe is blowne.

O what a maſſe of comfort will accrew
Vnto our friends, and family from you?
Certs this your child, if it be halfe ſo faire
As is the mother, muſt be *Cupids* heire.
Thus they with flatteries, and with many a ſmile,
Pretending falſe affection, her beguile.
And ſhe out of her innocence, poore mayd,
Gave eaſie credit unto all they ſayd:
And too too kind, to a faire chamber led,
Where with celeſtiall dainties ſhee them fed.
Shee ſpeaks but to the Lute, and ſtraight it heares;
Shee calls for raptures, and they ſwell their eares.
All ſorts of Muſick ſound, with many a lay,
Yet none was preſent ſeene, to ſing or play.
But as no mirth is pleaſant to a dull
And heavy ſoule, no leſſe, they that are full
Of cankred malice, all delight diſdaine,
But what does nouriſh their beloved paine.
So that no gifts, nor price might mollifie,
Nor no rewards, nor kindneſſe qualifie
Their hardned hearts, but ſtill they are on fire,
To ſound her through, and make a ſtrict inquire,
What was her husband, what his forme, and age,
And whence he did deduce his parentage:
You read, how from ſimplicity at firſt,
Shee fram'd a formall ſtory, and what erſt
She told, ſhe had forgot, and gan to faine
Another tale, and of another ſtraine:
How that he was a man both rich, and wiſe,
Of middle yeeres, and of a middle ſize:
A Merchant by profeſſion, that did deale
For many thouſands in the Common-weale.

With

With that they checkt her in the full careere
Of her diſcourſe; ſayes one, nay ſiſter deare,
Pray doe not ſtrive thus to impoſe upon
Your loving friends, ſure this deſcription
Muſt to his perſon needs be contrary,
When in it ſelfe your ſpeech does diſagree.
You lately boaſted, ſhe was young, and faire;
What does the ſoyle, or nature of the aire
Bring age ſo ſoone? and that he us'd to range
About the woods, loe there's another change.
Doe you conceit ſo ignorantly of us,
VVe know not *Tethis*, from *Hippolitus*?
Greene fields from ſeas, a billow from a hill,
Fiſhes from beaſts; then we had little skill.
You much diſſemble, or you have forgot
His forme, and function, or you know them not.
Then with the preſſure of her eyes, ſhee freed
One teare from priſon, and did thus proceed:
Pſyche we grieve, and pitty you, that thus
Are growne ſo careleſſe, and incurious
Of what you ought to feare: you thinke your ſelfe
Much happy in your husband, and your ſelfe,
But are deceiv'd; for we, that alwayes watch,
And at each opportunity doe catch,
To ſatisfie our doubts, for truth have found,
Both by his crawling footſteps on the ground,
And by report of neighbouring husbandmen,
That have eſpy'd him flying from his den.
VVhen he to them moſt hideouſly has yeeld,
From his huge throat, with blood and poyſon ſwell'd,
That this your husband is of Serpent breed,
Eyther of *Cadmus*, or of *Hydra's* ſeed.

Call

Call but the *Pythian* Oracle to minde.
That you to ſuch hard deſtiny aſſign'd,
And thinke not all your art, orpolicy,
Can cancell his propheticall decree.
Let not this Monſters uſage for awhile,
Your ſoule of juſt ſuſpicion beguile.
As that you ſtill ſhall live at ſuch high rate,
And that theſe happy dayes ſhal ne're have date.
Far be it, that my words ſhould ill portend,
Yet truſt me, all theſe joyes muſt have an end:
The time will come, when this your Paramour,
In whom you ſo delight, ſhall you devoure,
And when your womb caſts her abortive brood,
Then *Saturne* like, he will make that his food.
For this prediction alſo bore a ſhare,
In what the god fore-told, but leſt deſpaire
Should load you with too great oppreſſion,
It was conceal'd, and therefore ſtands upon,
Whether through our advice, you will be ſav'd,
Or in his beaſtly entrayles be engrav'd.
Now if this uncouth life, and ſolitude
Pleaſe you, then follow it, and be ſtill ſtew'd
In the ranke luſt of a laſcivious worme:
Yet we our pious duties ſhall performe.
Pſyche that tender was, grew wan, and pale,
And ſwoone for dread of this ſo ſad a tale.
Then fell ſhe from the ſpheare of her right mind,
And forgot all thoſe precepts ſhe combin'd,
And vow'd to keepe, and her ſelfe headlong threw
Into a thouſand griefes, that muſt enſue.
At laſt reviv'd, having her ſelfe up heav'd,
With fainting voyce, thus half her words out breathd.

Truely

Truely my ſiſters deare, full well I ſee
How you perſiſt in conſtant piety:
Nor did they, who ſuggeſt ſuch words as theſe,
In my opinion altogether leaſe:
For to this houre, I never did ſurvay
My husbands ſhape, but forc'd am to obay
What he commands, and doe embrace i'th night,
A thing uncertaine, and that ſhunnes the light:
Therefore to your aſſertious I aſſent,
That with good reaſon ſeeme ſo congruent;
For in my thoughts I can not judge at leaſt
But he muſt be a monſter, or ſome beaſt;
Hee uſes ſo much cautionary care,
And threatens ſo much ill, if I ſhould dare
To view his face; ſo I referre me to
Your beſt advice, t'inſtruct me what to doe:
Her ſiſters now ariv'd at the full ſcope
Of their baſe plots, and ſeeing the gate ope
That kept her heart, ſcorne any artfull bayt,
But uſe their downe right weapons of deceit:
Saying, deare *Pſyche*, nature ſhould prevaile
So much with us, if miſchiefe did aſſaile
Your perſon, in our ſight: we were too blame
Should we permit, and not divert the ſame;
Yet wiſe men have their waies, and eyes ſtill cleare,
And leave no miſts of danger, or of feare:
You doe but brave your death, when you repell
The whiſpers of your Genius, which would tell
The perill you are in; nor are you ſure
Of longer life, till you are quite ſecure:
Which to effect, provide a ſword that's keene,
And with it, a bright Lampe, and both unſeene

Hide in ſome place, untill a fitting houre
Shall call them, to aſſiſt you with their power:
Truſt me, ſuch ſpies, and counſellors are mute,
And never nice, or ſlow to execute
Any deſigne; ſo when your husbands eyes
Are ſeal'd with ſleepe, from your ſoft couch ariſe,
And ſeaze this Dragon, when he leaſt takes heed,
Like *Pallas* arm'd, and to his death proceed;
And where his necke, and head, are joyn'd in one,
Make [illegible] ſpeedy ſeperation:
Alcides ſonne of *Ioue*, as rumour goes,
Strangled two *Serpents* in his ſwadling cloathes:
And can your ſtrength faile to bring that to paſſe,
Which halfe the labour of an infant was?
Such wicked words they poure into her eare,
More poyſonous then her husband could appeare.
Pſyche was troubled, as the ſea, in mind
Approv'd their councell, and againe declin'd
What they perſwade; now haſtens, now delayes,
Dares, and not dares, and with a bluſh betrayes
Her wandring paſſion, which knowes no meane,
But travels from extreame, unto extreame:
She loves him now, and does againe deteſt,
Loves as a husband, hates him as a beaſt.
The onely checke, and bridle to her hate,
Was the fam'd ſtory, and revengefull fate
Of *Danaus* daughters, who in hell are bound
To fill a Veſſell, they can never ſound:
She told the ſtory to them, how all theſe
Were fifty Virgins, call'd the *Belides*;
Her Sifters liſt, while *Pſyche* does diſcover,
How each was too inhumane to her lover:

And in on night made all their husbands bleed;
With hearts, hard as the ſteele, that did the deed:
Yet one ſayes ſhe, moſt worthy of the name
Of wife, and to it everlaſting fame:
Hight *Hypermneſtra*, with officious lye,
Met with her Father; and his perjury:
Who ſaidunto her husband, youth ariſe,
Leaft a long ſleepe unfear'd, doe thee ſurprize.
I will not hold thee captive, nor will ſtrike
This to thy heart; although my ſiſters, like
So many cruell *Lyneſſes*, voyd
Ofmercy, all their husbands have deſtroy'd.
I am of nature ſoft, nor doe I dare
To view, much leſſe to act thy maſſacre;
What though my Father me in priſon lay,
Or loade with Iron chaines, or ſend away
Farre from his Kingdome, into baniſhment,
Or tortures uſe, cauſe I would not conſent
To murder thee; however take thy flight,
Poſt for thy life, whilſt *Venus* and the night
Doe fauour thee, and onely this vouchſafe
VVhen I am dead, to write my Epitaph:
The meere remembrance of this vertuous deed,
Did a remorce, and kind of pitty breed
In *Pſyches* breſt, for paſſions are infuſ'd,
According to the ſtories, we are uſ'd
To reade; and many men doe amorous prove,
By viewing acts, and monuments of loue:
But yet her ſiſters malice, that ſtill ſtood
In oppoſition, againſt all thats good,
Ceaſes not to precipitate her on,
Till they had gain'd this confirmation;

To put in act what ere they did deſire,
Thus fury like, they did her ſoule inſpire:
Night and her husband came, and now the ſport
Of *Venus* ended, he began to ſnort,
Pſyche, though weake of mind, and body both,
Yet urg'd by cruell fate, and her raſh oath,
Roſe up to make proviſion for her ſinne;
Lye ſtill faire maide, thou mayſt more honour win,
And make thy murder glory, not a crime;
If thou wouldſt kill thoſe thoughts, that doe beſlime
And knaw upon thy breaſt, and never ceaſe
With hiſhing clamours to diſturbe thy peace,
When thine owne heart with *Serpents* doth abound;
Seeke not without, that may within be found.
Yet was ſhe not ſo cruell in her haſt,
But ere ſhe kild him, ſhe his lips would taſt,
Wiſhing ſhe neede not riſe out from her bed,
But that ſhe had the power to kiſſe him dead:
Now with her lips ſhe labours all ſhe may,
To ſucke his ſoule out, whilſt he ſleeping lay,
Till ſhe at laſt through a tranſfuſed kiſſe,
Left her owne ſoule, and was inſpir'd with his;
And had her ſoule within his body ſtay'd,
Till he therein his vertues had convay'd,
And all pollution would from thence remove,
Then after all her thoughts had beene of love;
But ſince ſhe could not both of them retaine,
She reſtor'd his, and tooke her owne againe:
Sorry, that ſhe was forc'd it to tranſferr,
And wiſht though dead, that he might live in her:
Then in one hand ſhe held the emu'our light,
And in the other tooke the ſword, ſo bright

As

As 'twould her beauty, and the fire out-ſhine,
And ſhe thus arm'd, became more maſculine.
But when by friendſhip of the Lampe, her eye
Had made a perfect true diſcovery
Of all was in the roome, what did ſhe ſee?
Object of Love, wonder of Deity.
The *god of love* himſelfe, *Cupid* the faire,
Lye ſweetly ſleeping in his golden haire:
At this ſo heavenly ſight, the lampy ſpire
Encreas'd his flames, and burnt more pure, and higher.
The very ſenceleſſe ſacrilegious ſteele,
Did a ſtrong vertue from his preſence feele,
Which turn'd the edge, poore *Pſyche* all amaz'd,
With joy, and wonder on his beauty gaz'd.
His necke ſo white, his colour ſo exact,
His limbes, that were ſo curiouſly compact:
His body ſleeke, and ſmooth, that it might not
Venus repent, t'have ſuch a ſonne begot.
A bright reflexion and perfumed ſent,
Fill'd all the roome with a mixt blandiſhment,
Shot from his wings, and at his feete did lye
His *bow*, and *arrows*, and his *armory*.
And in this extaſie ſhe thought to hide
The curſed ſteele, but in her owne deare ſide;
And had perform'd it ſure, had not the ſword,
Flew from her hand, out of its owne accord.
Glanſing on all with eyes unſatisfied,
At laſt ſhe his artillerye ſpyed.
The Quiver was of needle-worke wrought round
With trophies of his owne, where *Cupid* crown'd
Sate in the midſt, with a Bay-wreath, which he
Had proudly pluckt from the *Penean* tree.

Next *Venus* and *Adonis*, ſad with paine,
The one of *love*, the other of *diſdaine*:
There *Iove* in all his borrowed ſhapes was dreſt,
His thefts, and his adulteries expreſt,
As Emblemes of *Loves* tryumph; and theſe were
Drawne with ſuch lively colours, men would ſweare,
That *Leda* lay within a perfect bower,
And *Danaes* golden ſtreames, were a true ſhower.
Saturus two other ſonnes did ſeeme to throw
Their *Tridents* at his feete, and him allow
For their Supreme; and there were kneeling by
Gods, *Nymphs*, and all their Geneology
Since the firſt *Chaos*, ſaving the abuſe,
And *Cupids* pride, none could the worke traduce.
Pallas in envy of *Aracknes* skill,
Or elſe to curry favour, and fulfill
Cupids beheſt, which ſhe durſt not withſtand,
Had fram'd the emulous peece with her owne hand.
And there were portray'd more a thouſand loves
Beſides himſelfe; the skinnes of Turtle-doves
Lin'd it within, and at the upper end,
A ſilver plate the Quiver did extend,
Full of ſmall holes, where his bright ſhafts did lye;
Whoſe plumes were ſtiffe with gummes of *Araby*.
His Bow was of the beſt, and fineſt Yew
That in all *Ida*, or faire *Tempe* grew:
Smooth as his cheeke, and checkerd as his wing,
And at each end, tipt with a Pearle; the ſtring;
Drawne from the Optick of a Ladies eye,
That whenſoere he ſhoots, ſtrikes harmony.
Pſyche with timorous heed, did ſoftly touch
His weapons, leaſt her prophane hand might ſmutch

The

The gloſſe of them: then drew a ſhaft, whoſe head
Was wrought of Gold, for ſome are done with Lead,
And laid her fingers end upon the Dart,
Tempting the edge, untill it caus'd a ſmart:
For being pointed ſharpe, it raz'd the skin,
Till drops of blood did trickle from within.
She wounded with the poiſon, which it bore,
Grew more in love, than ere ſhe was before.
Then as ſhe would her ſelfe incorporate,
She did her numerous kiſſes equall make
Vnto his haires, that with her breath did play,
Steept with rich *Nectar*, and *Ambroſia*.
Thus being raviſht with exceſſe of joy,
With kiſſing, and embracing the ſweet Boy.
Loe, in the height of all her jollity,
Whether from envy, or from treachery:
Or that it had a burning appetite,
To touch that ſilken skin, that lookt ſo white.
The wicked Lampe, in an unlucky houre,
A drop of ſcalding oyle did let downe powre
On his right ſhoulder, whence in horrid wiſe
A bliſter, like a bubble did ariſe,
And boyl'd up in his fleſh, with a worſe fume,
Then blood of Vipers, or the *Lernean* ſpume.
Neere did the Dog-ſtarre rage with ſo great heate
In dry *Apulia*, nor *Alcides* ſweat
Vnder his ſhirt ſo. Cruell oyle, that thou
Who of all others haſt the ſmootheſt brow,
Shouldſt play the traytor? who had any thing
Worſe than thy ſelfe, as fire, or venom'd ſting,
Or *Sulphur* blaſted him, ſhouldſt firſt have came,
And with thy powerfull breath ſuckt out the flame.

For

For though he be *Loves god*, it were but vaine,
To thinke he ſhould be privilidg'd from paine.
For we in *Homer* have like wounded read,
Of *Mars*, and *Venus*, both by *Diomed:*
But for this haynous and audacious fact,
Cupid among his ſtatutes did enact,
Henceforth all lights be baniſht, and exempt,
From bearing office in *Loves* government.
And in the day, each ſhould his paſſage marke,
Or learne to finde his Miſtreſſe in the darke.
Sure all the crew of lovers ſhall thee hate,
Nor bleſt *Minerva* hold thee conſecrate.
When *Cupid* ſaw his counſells open laid,
Pſyches deare faith, and his owne plots betrayd,
He buckled on his wings, away to fly;
And had ſhe not caught hold upon his thigh,
And hung as an *appendix* of his flight,
He queſtionleſſe had vaniſht from her ſight.
But as when men are in deepe rivers drown'd,
And tane up dead, have their cloſe fingers found,
Claſping the weeds; ſo, though her armes were rackt
With her more bodies weight, and ſinews crackt,
To follow him through the forc'd Element:
Yet held ſhe faſt, untill he did relent,
And his ambitious wings gan downward ſteere,
And ſtoope to earth, with a mild Cancileere.

The fourth Section.

THus lighted on the earth, he tooke her wriſt,
And wrung it hard, and did her hands untwiſt:
And having freed himſelfe, he flew on high,
Vnto a *Cypreſſe tree* that grew thereby,

And

And on the utmoſt branches being ſate,
He did the matter thus capitulate,
Was it for this indeed, for this reward,
Thou ſilly girle, that I ſhould diſregard
My mothers vowes, her teares, her flatteries?
When ſhe, with all the power ſhe might deviſe,
Provok't me to thy hurt, and thee aſſign'd
In Marriage, to a groome of ſome baſe kind,
And loweſt ranke, had not my too much haſt
Redeem'd thy ſhame, and my owne worth diſgrac'd;
Was it for this I did thy plagues remove,
To paine my ſelfe? ſtrike mine owne heart in love,
With mine owne ſhaft, that after all this geare,
I ſhould no better then a beaſt appeare?
For this, would ſt thou cut off my head, which bore
Thoſe eyes, that did thy beauty ſo adore?
And yet thou knowſt ungratefull wretch, how I
Did with my feares, thy miſcheifes ſtill imply,
And every day my cautions did renew,
The breach of which thou muſt for ever rue:
And each of theſe thy ſiſters, that were guide
To thy ill act, ſhall dearely it abide:
Yet will I puniſh thee no other way
But onely this, I will for ever ſtray
Farre from thy ſight, and having ſaid ſo, fled,
Whilſt ſhe to heare this newes, lay almoſt dead:
Yet proſtrate on the ground, her eyes up caſt,
Ty'd to his winged ſpeed; untill at laſt,
She could no more diſcerne; as *Dido*, then,
Or *Ariadne*, by ſome Poets pen,
Are fayn'd to grieve; whoſe artfull paſſions flow
In ſuch ſweet numbers, as they make their woe

Appeare delightfull, telling how unkind
Their lovers ſtole away, and the ſame wind,
That blew abroad their faith, and oathes before;
Then fill'd their ſayles, and how the troubled ſhore
Anſwer'd the Ladies groanes, ſo *Pſyche* faints,
And beates her breaſt with pittifull complaints.
There ran a River neere, whoſe purling ſtreames,
Hyperion oft, did with his golden beames
Delight to gild, and as it fled along
The pleaſant murmurs, mixt with the ſweet ſong
Of aged *Swannes*, detayn'd the frequent eare
Of many a Nymph, which did inhabit there:
Poore *Pſyche* thither went, and from the brim,
In ſad deſpaire threw her ſelfe headlong in.
The Rivers God; whither 'twere out of feare,
Duty, or love, or honour he did beare
Her husband; or leaſt her ſpilt blood ſhould ſtaine
His chriſtall current, threw her up againe:
But it is thought, he would not let her ſinke,
Cauſe *Cupid* oft times would deſcend to drinke,
Or waſh him in the Brooke, and when he came
To coole his owne heat, would the floud inflame.
Pan at that time ſate playing on a reed,
Whilſt his rough *Goates* did on the meddowes feed,
And with intentive eyes obſerved all,
That to the fayreſt *Pſyche* did befall;
Who ſeeing her thus pittiouſly diſtreſt,
He ran to take her up, and did the beſt
He could to comfort her; faire maid, ſayes he,
Though I a ruſtick, and a ſhepheard be,
Scorne not for that my counſell, and advice;
Nor let my trade become my prejudice,

For

For by the benefit of time well ſpent,
I am indued with long experiment:
And if I doe conjecture it aright,
The cauſe of all this Phrenſie, and diſpight,
Which your ſad lookes, and paleneſſe doe imply,
With other ſignes in Phyſiognomy,
By which wiſe men the truth of *Art* doe prove,
And know the ſtate of minds, you are in love.
Now liſt to me, and doe not with fond haſt
The ſacred oyle of your lifes taper waſt:
Vſe no ſiniſter meanes, to haſten on,
But labour to adjourne deſtruction,
Caſt not away your ſelfe by too much griefe,
But courage take; for care is beauties thiefe:
Cupid I know, whoſe humour is to ſtrive,
Then yeeld, then ſtay, then play the fugitive.
Be not diſmayd for that, but ſhew your duty,
And above all things doe not ſpoyle your beauty,
Hee's delicate, and wanton, prayers may win,
And faire demeanure may demerit him,
Theſe are the medicines I would have you chuſe,
To cure your minds health, and redreſſe abuſe:
She gave him thankes, then roſe from where ſhe lay,
And having done obeyſance went her way;
Thence did ſhe wander on with weary feet,
And neither track, nor paſſenger could meet,
Vntill at length ſhe found a Kingly roade
Which led unto a Palace, where aboade
Her eldeſt ſiſter. *Pſyche* enter'd in,
Then ſent up newes, how one of her neere kin,
Was come to viſite her, returne being made,
Pſyche was brought before her, each invade

The other with embraces, and fulfill
A tedious ſcene of counterfeit good will.
But when they had diſcourſ'd a while together,
She askt *Pſyche* the cauſe, that brought her thither,
Who did recount the paſſages, and tell,
In order all the ſtory that befell,
Which by degrees had ruind her, and laid
The blame on their lewd counſell, that betray'd
Her innocent ſoule, and her firme faith miſled,
To murder her deare husband in his bed:
She told how ſhe his certaine death decreed,
And how ſhe roſe to execute the deed:
She told, how like a *Lyoneſſe* ſhe far'd,
And like an armed fury, how ſhe ſtar'd,
Or like a blazing comet in the ayre,
With fire, and ſword, and with diſſhevell'd haire,
She told the trouble, and Epitaſis,
When ſhe beheld his Metamorphoſis:
A ſpectacle, that raviſht her with joy,
A *Serpent* turn'd into a lovely boy, (maid:
Whoſe young, ſmoth face, might ſpeake him boy or
Cupid himſelfe in a ſoft ſlumber lay'd,
She told too of the drop of ſcalding oyle,
That burnt his ſhoulder, and the heavy coyle
He kept, when he awakt, cauſ'd by the ſmart,
And how he chid, and how at laſt did part:
And for revenge, had threatned in her ſtead,
To make her ſiſters partners of his bed,
And twixt each word, ſhe let a teare downe fall,
Which ſtopt her voyce, and made it muſicall.
Thus *Pſyche* at the laſt, finiſht her ſtory
Seaſon'd with ſharpe griefe, and ſweet oratory,

Which

Which was as long by her relation made,
As might have serv'd to stuffe an *Iliade.*
Such as *Æneas* unto *Dido* told,
Full of adventures, strange, and manifold.
Her sister by her lookes great joy did show,
Resolv'd in that, she did her husband know;
And therefore heard her out, with much applause,
And gave great heed, but chiefly to that clause
Where 'twas declar'd, that he her pompe, and state
To one of her owne sisters would translate.
Whence gathering, that her selfe might be his bride,
She swelld with lust, with envy, and with pride;
And in this heate of passion did transcend
The Rock, where *Zephirus* us'd to attend
To waft her up and downe, and there call'd on
Him, that had now forsooke his station.
Yet through the vanity of hope made blind,
Though then there blew a contrary wind:
Invoking *Cupid*, that he would receive
Her for his spouse, she did her selfe bequeath
Vnto a fearefull precipice, and threw
Her body headlong downe, whose weight it drew
Towards the Center; for without support,
All heavy matter thither will resort.
In this her fall, the hard stones by the way,
Did greet her limbes with a discourteous stay:
Bruising her in that manner, that she dyed,
As if that she her Jury had denyed.
Her younger sister missing thus the chiefe
Copartner of her sorrows, pin'd for griefe.
This craggy rocke did overlook the sea,
Where greedy *Neptune* had ea te in a bay,

And undermining it, much ground did win,
Where ſilver-footed *Thetis*, riding in
Vpon a bridled Dolphin, did explore,
And every tyde her armes ſtretcht on the ſhore,
Searching each creeke, and cranny, to augment
The confines of her watry regiment.
Whilſt here ſhe ſate within a peerly chaire,
And round her all the *Sea-gods* did repaire;
To whom her lawes ſhe did preſcribe, by hap,
The mangled corps fell full into her lap.
Thetis, that once a child her ſelfe had borne,
Seeing ſo faire a body, fouly torne,
And bleeding freſh, judging ſome raviſher
Had done this injury, ſhe did conferre
About the cure, and there were many found
Whoſe trade in Surgery, could heale a wound,
But none that might reſtore to life agen.
Such was the envy of the *gods*: for when
The ſcatter'd limbes of chaſt *Hippolitus*,
Were re-inſpir'd by *Æſculapius*,
And by his *Arts* command together came,
And every bone and joynt put into frame:
That none with emulous skill, ſhould dare the like,
Iove him to Hell did with his thunder ſtrike.
But though ſhe could not by her power controule
The Fates decree, to reunite the ſoule;
Into another ſhape ſhe made it paſſe,
A doctrine held by old *Pythagoras*:
For ſtripping off her clothes, ſhe made her skin
To weare a ſoft, and plumy coverin.
Her griſly noſe was hardned to a bill,
And at each fingers end grew many a quill.

Her

Her armes to pennons turn'd, and ſhe in all
Chang'd to a Fowle, which men a Sea-gull call.
A Bird of evill nature, and ſet on
Much miſchiefe, to whoſe compoſition,
A great part of her former malice went,
And was the principle ingredient.
For being thus transfigur'd, ſtraight ſhe ſwam
Into the bottom of the Ocean,
Where *Neptune* kept his Court, and preſſing neere
To *Venus* ſeat, ſhe whiſper'd her i'th'eare,
How that her ſonne lay deſperately griev'd,
Sicke of a burne he lately had receiv'd,
And many by that meanes at her did ſcoffe,
And her whole family was ill ſpoken off.
For whilſt that ſhe her ſelfe, thus liv'd recluſe,
And he his cloſe adulteries did uſe:
No ſport, or pleaſure, no delight, or grace,
Friendſhip, nor marriage could find any place.
In *Love* no pledge, no harmony in life,
But every where confuſion was, and ſtrife.
Thus the vile Bird maliciouſly did prate,
And *Cupids* credit did calumniate.
Venus replyd, impatient, and hot,
What has my good ſonne then a Miſtreſſe got?
Which of the Nymphs, or Muſes is his joy?
Who has inveigled the ingenious Boy?
VVhich of the Howers, or of the Graces all?
None of theſe, ſaid the Bird, but men her call
Pſyche. So ſoone as *Venus* heard her nam'd,
O how with indignation ſhe exclaim'd?
VVhat my owne beauties rivall, is it ſhe?
That plant, that ſucker of my dignity,

And I his Bawd: VVith theſe words ſhe aſcended
To the Seas *ſuperficies*, where attended
Her Doves both ready harneſt, up ſhe got,
And flew to *Paphos* in her chariot.
The Graces came about her, and in haſt
VVhat the rough ſeas, or rude winds had miſplac'd,
Did recompoſe with art and ſtudious care,
Kembing the Cerule drops from her looſe haire:
VVhich dry'd with Roſie powder, they did fold,
And bind it round up in a brayd of Gold.
Theſe waite about her perſon ſtill, and paſſe
Their judgement on her, equall with her glaſſe.
Theſe are the onely *Criticks*, that debate
All beauty, and all faſhions arbitrate:
Theſe temper her *Ceruſe*, and paint, and lim
Her face with oyle, and put her in her trim.
Twelve other Handmaids clad in white array,
Call'd the *twelve Houres*, and *daughters of the day*,
Did helpe to dreſſe her: there were added more,
Twelve of the night, whoſe eyes were ſhadowed ore
VVith dusky, and black vailes, leaſt *Vulcans* light,
Or vapours ſhould offend their bleared ſight,
When they her linnen ſtarch, or elſe prepare
Strong diſtillations to make her faire.
Theſe bring her bathes, and ointments for her eyes,
And provide Cordialls, 'gainſt ſhe ſhall ariſe.
Theſe play on Muſick, and perfume her bed,
And ſnuffe the Candle, while ſhe lyes to read
Her ſelfe aſleepe: thus all aſſign'd unto
Their ſeverall office, had enough to doe.
And had they twenty times as many beene,
They all might be imploy'd about the Queene.

For

For though they vſ'd more reverence, then at prayer.
And ſate in counſell upon every haire,
And every pleat, and poſture of her gowne,
Giving obſervance to each frequent frowne.
And rather wiſht the ſtate diſordered were,
Then the leaſt implement, that ſhe did weare.
As if, of all, that were the greateſt ſin,
And that their fate were faſtned to each pin:
Though their whole life, and ſtudy were to pleaſe,
Yet ſuch a ſullen humour, and diſeaſe
Raign'd in her curious eyes, ſhe ever ſaught,
And ſcowling lookt, where ſhe might find a fault,
Yet felt ſhe no diſtemper from the care
Of other buſineſſe, nor did any dare
To interpoſe, or put into her mind,
A thought of any, either foe, or friend,
Receipt, or payment, but they all were bent
To place each jewell, and each ornament.
And when that ſhe was dreſt, and all was done,
Then ſhe began to thinke upon her ſonne,
And being abſent, ſpake of him at large,
And lay'd ſtrong aggravations to his charge.
She ript her wrongs up, how ſhe had paſt by,
In hope of mendment, many an injury:
Yet nothing could reclaime his ſtubborne ſpleene
And wanton looſeneſſe, though ſhe ſtill had beene
Indulgent to him, as they all did know.
She talkt to of the duty, children owe
Vnto their parents, and did much complaine;
Since ſhe had bore, and bred him up with paine,
Now for requitall, had receiv'd offence;
And ſorely taxt his diſobedience,

Then askt the Graces, if they could diſcloſe
Where his new haunts were, and his Randevous,
For, ſhe had truſted them, to over looke
As Guardians, and to guide, as with a hooke
His ſtragling nature, and they had done ill,
To ſlacke their hand, and leave him to his will;
Who, as ſhe ſaid, was a weake child, and none
Being neere, might ſoone into much miſchiefe run.
They bluſhing ſmile, and thus alleadg; ſince ſhe,
His Mother could not rule him, how can we
That are but Servants? whom he does deſpiſe,
And brandiſhes his torch againſt our eyes,
And in defiance, threats what he will doe,
Vpon the leaſt diſtaſt, to ſhoote us through.
When *Venus* heard, how the world ſtood in awe
Of her ſonnes deſperate valoure, and no law
Might curbe his fierceneſſe, flattery, nor force
Prevaile, ſhe then reſolv'd upon a courſe,
With open libels, and with hue and cry,
To publiſh to the world his infamy:
And therefore cauſ'd in every towne, and ſtreet,
And in all tryviall places, where wayes meet,
In theſe words or the like, upon each poſt,
A chartell to be fixt, that he was loſt.

The wanton Cupid, *t'other day,*
Did from his mother Venus *ſtray.*
Great paines ſhe tooke, but all in vaine
How to get her Sonne againe:
For ſince the boy is ſometimes blind,
He his owne way cannot find.

If any one can fetch him in,
Or take him captive in a Gin,
And bring her word, ſhe for this,
Will reward him with a kiſſe.
That you the felon may deſcry,
Theſe are ſignes to know him by:
His skin is red with many a ſtaine
Of Lovers, which by him were ſlaine;
Or elſe it is the fatall doome,
Which foretells of ſtormes to come:
Though he ſeeme naked to the eye,
His mind is cloath'd with ſubtlety,
Sweet ſpeach he uſes, and ſoft ſmiles,
To intice where he beguiles:
His words are gentle, as the ayre,
But truſt him not, though he ſpeake faire;
And confirme it with an oath:
He is fierce, and cruell both,
He is bold, and careleſſe too,
And will play as wantons doe:
But when you thinke the ſport is paſt,
It turnes to earneſt at the laſt.
His evill nature none can tame,
For neither reverence, nor ſhame,
Are in his lookes; his curled hayre
Hangs like Nets, for to enſnare.
His hands though weake, and ſlender, ſtrike
Age, and Sexes, all alike,
And when he liſt, will make his neſt,
In their Marrow, or their breaſt:
Thoſe poyſon'd Darts ſhot from his Bow,
Hurt Gods above, and men below.

His left hand beares a burning Torch,
Whoſe flame the very ſame will ſcorch;
And not hell it ſelfe is free,
From this Impes impiety:
The wounds he makes, no Salve can cure;
Then if you catch him, bind him ſure:
Take no pitty, though he cry,
Or laugh, or ſmile, or ſeeme to dye,
And for his ranſome would deliver
His Arrowes, and his painted Quiver.
Refuſe them all, for they are ſuch,
That will burne, where ere they touch.

When this edict was openly declar'd
And *Venus* importunity; none dar'd
To be ſo much of counſell, as to hide,
And not reveale, where *Cupid* did abide.
There was an old Nimph of th' *Idalian* grove,
Grand-child to *Faune*, *a Dryad*; whom great *Iove*
Had raviſht in her youth, and for a fee,
In recompence of her Virginity,
Did make Immortall, and with wiſedome fill,
And her endewed with a Prophetick skill,
And knowledge of all Hearbes; ſhe could apply
To every greife a perfect remedy,
Were it in mind, or body, and was ſage,
And waighty in her counſell, to aſwage
Any diſeaſe; ſhe had the goverment
Of the whole Pallace, and was preſident
Of all the Nimphs, for *Venus* did commit
Such power, to doe; what ever ſhe thought fit.

She at that time dreſt *Cupid* for his ſmart,
And would have hid his ſhame with all her heart:
But that ſhe fear'd her Miſtreſſe to diſpleaſe,
If it ſhould after chance the *Dryades*
Betray'd her; therefore ſhe durſt doe no other,
But to ſend private word unto his Mother,
Where her ſonne was, and how he hid his head,
And groaning lay upon his Mothers bed.
Soone as this newes was brought her, *Venus* went,
Blowne with the winde, and her owne diſcontent.
And there began to ſcold, and rayle, before
She did arrive within the chamber dore.
Are theſe things honeſt, which I heare ſayes ſhe,
And ſuiting with our fame and pedegree?
Seducing trifler, have you ſet at large
Mine enemy, whom I gave up in charge,
That thou ſhouldſt captivate, and ſet on fire,
With ſordid, but unquenchable deſire?
But ſince; that thou mightſt the more ſtubborn prove,
Haſt fetter'd her unto thy ſelfe in love;
Seemes you preſume, that you are onely he,
The Chick of the white Hen, and ſtill muſt be.
And I, by reaſon of my age, quite done,
Cannot conceive, nor beare another ſonne.
Yes know I can, and for thy more diſgrace,
I will adopt another in thy place.
I'le take away that wicked ſtuffe, with which
Thou doſt abuſe thy betters, and bewitch
Each age, and ſexe, and not without delight,
Thine Vncle *Mars*, and thine owne Mother ſmite.
Then burne thoſe armes, which were ordain'd to doe
Better exploits, then thou imploy'ſt them to.

For thou waſt ever from thy youth untoward,
And doſt without all reverence, or regard,
Provoke thy elders; but *Iove*, here I wiſh,
I ne're may eate of a celeſtiall diſh:
Vnleſſe I turne this tryumph to offence,
This ſweet to ſower, this ſport to penitence.
But I thus ſcorned, whither ſhall I fly?
There is a Matron call'd *Sobriety*,
Whom I have oft offended, through his vaine
Luxurious riot, yet I muſt complaine
To her, and at her hands expect the full
Of my revenge, ſhe ſhall his quiver pull,
Vnhead his *Arrows*, and his *Bow* unſtring;
Put out his *Torch*, and then away it fling.
His golden locks with *Nectar* all imbrewd,
Which I from my owne boſome have bedew'd.
His various wings, the Raine-bow never yet,
Was in ſuch order, nor ſuch colours ſet:
She ſhall without remorſe both cut, and pare,
And every feather clip, and every haire.
And then, and not till then, it ſhall ſuffice,
That I have done my wrongs this ſacrifice.
Thus full of choler, did ſhe *Cupid* threat,
And having eas'd her mind, did backe retreat.
But making haſte, with this diſtemper'd looke,
Ceres, and *Iuno* both, ſhe overtooke:
Who ſeeing her with ſuch a troubled brow,
Did earneſtly demand, the manner how
She came ſo vext, and who had power to ſhrowd
Her glorious beauty in ſo black a clowd.
You cannot chuſe but heare, *Venus* reply'd,
How I have beene abus'd, on every ſide.

Firſt, when, my limping husband me beſet,
And caught *Mars*, and my ſelfe, both in his net:
And then expos'd us naked to the eyes
Of Heaven, and the whole bench of Deities.
'Tis a knowne tale; and to make up the jeſt,
One *god*, leſſe ſupercilious then the reſt,
Told *Mars*, if thoſe his fetters made him ſweat,
He would endure the burthen, and the heat.
Time wore out this diſgrace, but now your art
Muſt drive another ſorrow from my heart:
And if you love me, uſe your beſt of skill,
To ſeeke out *Pſyche*, ſhe hath done this ill.
Cupid my ſonne, has choſe her for his ſpouſe,
That is the onely plague vnto my houſe.
Lady, ſaid they, alack what hurt is done,
Or crime in this committed by your ſonne?
Is this a cauſe, fit to provoke your ſpight,
T'impugne his ſports, and hinder his delight?
What imputation on your houſe were layd,
Though he ſhould ſet his fancy on a Maid?
You may allow his Patent for to paſſe,
That he may love a blith, and bonny Laſſe.
What you forget, that he is well in yeeres,
And tis a comfort to you, that he beares
His age ſo well; therefore you muſt not pry
Into his actions ſo narrowly.
For with what Juſtice can you diſapprove
That in your ſonne, which in your ſelfe you love?
Is't fit, that ſeeds of *love* by you be ſowne
In others hearts, and baniſht from your owne?
You have an intereſt, in all that's his:
Both prais'd for good, both blam'd for what's amiſſe.

Remember

Remember too, you are his Mother deare:
Held wiſe, and muſt give way: thus they for feare
Of *Cupids* Arrowes, did him patronize.
But *Venus* ſcorning that her injuries
VVere no more pittied, her ſwift Doves did raigne,
And took her way towards the Sea againe.

The end of the firſt Booke.

The Second Booke.

THE FIRST SECTION.

PSyche this while wandred the world about
With various errors to find *Cupid* out,
Hoping, although no matrimoniall way,
Or Beauties force his anger might allay;
Yet Prayers, and duty ſomewhat might abate,
And humble Service him propitiate.
She travell'd forth, untill at length ſhe found
A pleaſant plaine, with a faire *Temple* crown'd.
Then to her ſelfe ſhe ſaid, ah who can tell,
Whether or no, my husband there doe dwell?
And with this thought ſhe goes directly on,
Led with blind hope, and with Devotion:
Then entred in, ſhe to the *Altar* bended,
And there perform'd her *Orizons*: which ended,
Caſting her eyes about, ſhe did eſpy,
A world of inſtruments for husbandry:
As Forkes, & Hookes, & Rakes, Sickles, & Sithes,
Garlands, and Sheares, & Corne for Sacrifice.

Thoſe

Thoſe eares, that were confuſed, ſhe did ſever,
And thoſe, that ſcatter'd lay, ſhe put together;
Thinking, ſhe ought no worſhip to decline
Of any thing, that ſeem'd to be Divine.
Ceres farre off did *Pſyche* over looke,
When this laborious taske ſhe undertooke,
And as ſhe is a *Goddeſſe*, that does love
Induſtrious people, ſpake to her from above;
Alas poore *Pſyche*, *Venus* is thy foe,
And ſtrives to find thee out with more a doe,
Then I my *Proſerpine*; the Earth, the Sea,
And the hid confines of the Night and Day,
Have all beene ranſackt; ſhe has ſought thee forth,
Through both the *Poles*, & Mantions of the North,
Not the *Riphean* ſnow, nor all the drougth,
That parches the vaſt deſarts of the ſouth,
Have ſtay'd her ſteps. She has made *Tethis* ſweepe,
To find thee out, the bottome of the deepe,
And vowes that Heaven it ſelfe ſhall thee reſigne,
Though *Iove* had fixt thee, there his concubine.
She never reſts, for ſince ſhe went to bed,
The Roſie Crowne is wither'd from her head:
Thou careleſſe wretch. Thus *Venus* all enrag'd,
Seekes for thy life, whilſt thou art heere ingag'd
'Bout my affaires, and think'ſt of nothing leſſe,
Then thine owne ſafety, and loſt happineſſe.
Pſyche fell proſtrate on her face, before
Faire *Ceres* throne, and did her helpe implore,
Moyſtning the Earth with teares, and with her haire
Bruſhing the ground; ſhe ſent up many a Prayer,
By thy fruit-ſcattering hand, I thee entreate,
And the *Sicilian* Feilds, that are the ſeat

Of thy fertility, and by the glad,
And happy ends, the harveſt ever had;
And by thy coach, with winged *Dragons* drawne,
And by the darkeſome hell, that gan to dawne
At the bright marriage of faire *Proſerpine:*
And by the ſilent rites of *Eluſine,*
Impart ſome pitty, and vouchſafe to grant
This ſmall requeſt, to your poore ſupplyant.
I may lye hid among theſe ſheaves of Corne,
Vntill great *Venus* fury be out-worne;
Or that my ſtrength, and faculties ſubdu'd
By weary toyle, a little be renew'd.
But as the worlds accuſtom'd, when they ſee,
Any orewhelm'd with a deepe miſery,
Afford ſmall comfort to their wretched ſtate;
But onely are in words compaſſionate.
So *Ceres* told her, ſhe did greatly grieve
At her diſtreſſe, but durſt her not releive;
For *Venus* was a good, and gratious Queene,
And ſhe her favour highly did eſteeme.
Nor would ſhe ſuccour a contrary ſide,
Being by love, and kin to her ally'd.
Poore *Pſyche* thus repulſ'd, ſoone as ſhe ſaw
Her hopes quite fruſtrate, did her ſelfe withdraw,
And journied on, unto a neighbouring wood,
Where likewiſe a rich *Fane*, and *Temple* ſtood,
Of goodly ſtructure, and before the houſe,
Hung many gifts, and garments pretious,
That by the name engrav'd, and dedication,
Expreſt without, to whom they had relation.
Here *Pſyche* enterd, her low knees did bend,
And both her ſelfe, and fortunes recommend

To

To mighty *Iuno*, and thus ſpake to her.
Thou wife, and ſiſter to the thunderer,
Whether thou doſt in ancient *Samos* lye,
The place of thy firſt birth, and nurſery.
Or by the bankes of *Inachus* abide,
Or thy lou'd *Carthage*, or round Heaven doſt ride
Vpon a *Lyons* backe; that art i'th Eaſt
Call'd *Zygia*, and *Lucina* in the weſt;
Looke on my griefes extremity, and deigne
To eaſe me, of my labour, and my paine.
Thus having prayed, ſtraight *Iuno* from on high,
Preſents her ſelfe in all her Majeſty;
And ſaid, *Pſyche* I wiſh you had your ends,
And that my Daughter, & your ſelfe were friends:
For *Venus* I have ever held moſt deare,
In as high place, as ſhe my daughter were:
Nor can that, which one *Goddeſſe* has begun,
By any other Deity b'undone,
Beſides the *Stigian* lawes allow no leave,
That we anothers Servant ſhould receive;
Nor can we by the league of friendſhip, give
Reliefe to one, that is a fugitive.
Faire *Pſyche* ſhipwrackt in her hopes againe,
And finding no wayes, how ſhe might obtaine
Her winged husband, caſt the worſt of all;
And thus her thoughts did into queſtion call:
What meanes can be attempted, or apply'd
To this my ſtrange calamity, beſide
What is already uſ'd? for though they wood,
The Gods themſelves, can render me no good,
Why then ſhould I proceed, and unawares
Tender my foot unto ſo many ſnares?

VVhat darkneſſe can protect me? what diſguiſe
Hide me from her inevitable eyes?
Some women, from their crimes, can courage gather,
Then why not I from miſery? and rather,
VVhat I cannot deferre, nor long withſtand,
Yeeld up my ſelfe a priſoner to her hand.
For timely modeſty may mitigate
That rage, which abſence does exaſperate.
And to confirme this, who knows, whether he,
VVhom my ſoule longs for, with his Mother be?
Venus now ſicke of earthly buſineſſe,
Commands her Coach be put in readineſſe:
Whoſe ſubtile ſtructure was all wrought upon,
With gold, with purple, and Vermilion.
Vulcan compos'd the fabrick, 'twas the ſame
He gave his wife, when he a woing came.
Then of thoſe many hundred Doves, that ſoare
About her palace, ſhe ſelected foure,
Whoſe checkred necks to the ſmall traces ty'd,
With nimble gyres they up to Heaven did glide:
A world of ſparrows did by *Venus* fly,
And Nightingales, that ſung melodiouſly.
And other birds accompany'd her Coach,
With pleaſant noiſe, proclaiming her approach:
For neither hardy Eagle, Hawke, nor Kite,
Durſt her ſweet ſounding family affright.
The clouds gave way, and Heaven was open made,
Whilſt *Venus*, *Ioves* high Turrets did invade.
Then having ſilenc'd her obſtreperous quire,
She boldly calls for *Mercury* the cryer,
Ioves meſſenger, who but a while before
Return'd with a looſe arrant, which he bore.

To a new Miſtreſſe, and was now t'adviſe
Vpon ſome tricke, to hide from *Iuno's* eyes
Ioves bawderie, for he ſuch feats can doe,
Which are his vertues, and his office to.
When *Venus* ſaw him, ſhe much joy did ſhow,
And ſaid, kind brother *Mercury*, you know,
How I eſteeme your love, at no ſmall rate,
With whom my minde I ſtill communicate:
Without whoſe counſell I have nothing done,
But ſtill preferr'd your admonition.
And now you muſt aſſiſt me; ther's a mayd
Lyes hid, whom I have long time ſought, and layd
Cloſe waite to apprehend, but cannot take;
Therefore I'de have you proclamation make,
With a reward propounded, to requite,
Who e're ſhall bring, and ſet her in my ſight.
Make knowne her markes, and age, leſt any chance,
Or after dare to pretend ignorance.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe gave to him a note,
And libell, wherein *Pſyches* name was wrote.
Hermes the powerfull, and all charming *god*
Taking in hand his ſoule conſtraining rod,
VVith which he carries, and brings backe from hell,
VVith *Venus* went, for he lov'd *Venus* well;
Cauſe he in former time her love had wonne,
And in his dalliance, had of her ſonne
Begot, call'd the *Hermaphrodite*, which is
The Boy, that was belov'd by *Salmacis*.
Thus both from Heaven deſcended, open cry
In expreſſe words, was made by *Mercury*,
O yes, if any can true tidings bring
Of Venus *hand-maid, daughter to a King*,

Pſyche *the fugitive, of ſtature tall,*
Of tender age, and forme celeſtiall:
To whom, for dowry, Art, and Nature gave
All grace, and all the comlineſſe they have.
This I was bid to ſay, and be it ſpoken
Without all envy, each ſmile is a token
Sufficient to betray her. In her gate
She Phœbus *ſiſter does moſt imitate.*
Nor does her voyce ſound mortall, if you ſpy
Her face, you may diſcerne her by the eye,
That like a ſtarre, dazels the Optick ſenſe,
Cupid *has oft his Torch brought lighted thence.*
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Straight wayes to Mercury, *and the newes declare;*
And for his recompence, he ſhall have leave,
Even from Venus *owne lips, to receive*
Seven fragrant kiſſes, and the reſt among,
One honey-kiſſe, and one touch from her tongue.

Which being publiſhed, the great deſire
Of this reward, ſet all mens hearts on fire.
So that poore *Pſyche* durſt no more forbeare
To offer up her ſelfe: then drawing neare
To *Venus* houſe, a Maid of hers, by name
Call'd *Cuſtome*, when ſhe ſaw her, did exclaime,
O Madam *Pſyche*, *Iove* your honour ſave:
VVhat doe you feele now, you a Miſtreſſe have?
Or does your raſhneſſe, or your ignorant worth
Not know, the paines we tooke to find you forth?
Sweet, you ſhall for your ſtubborneſſe be taught:
VVith that, rude hold upon her locks ſhe caught,
And drag'd her in, and before *Venus* brought.

The ſecond Section.

SO ſoone as *Venus* ſaw her, ſhe like one,
That looks 'twixt ſcorne, and indignation,
Rais'd a loud laughter, ſuch as does proceed
From one, that is vext furiouſly indeed.
Then ſhaking of her head, biting her thumb,
She ſayd, what my good daughter are you come
Your Mother to ſalute? But I beleeve,
You would your husband viſite, who does grieve
For the late burne, with which you did inure
His tender ſhoulder, but yet reſt ſecure;
I ſhall provide for you, nor will I ſwerve
From any needfull office you deſerve.
Thus winking *Venus* did on *Pſyche* leere,
And with ſuch cruell kindneſſe did her jeere.
Then for her entertainment, cryes, where are
My two rough hand-maids, *Solitude*, and *Care*?
They enter'd; ſhe commands her hands to tye,
And take the poore mayd to their cuſtody.
Which done accordingly, with whips they beate,
And her with torments miſerably intreate.
Thus us'd, and in this ſhameſull manner dight,
They her, with ſcorne, reduce to *Venus* ſight:
Who ſmiling ſaid, 'tis more then time, that I
Should ſet my Nymphs all to worke ſempſtery,
And make your Baby-clouts: why this is brave,
And you ſhall *Iuno* for your Mid-wife have.
Where will you lye in? how farre are yougone?
That's a great motive to compaſſion.
And I my ſtile muſt rather boaſt, than ſmother,
That in my youth ſhall be call'd Grandmother.

But

But by your leave, I doubt theſe Marriages,
That are ſolemniz'd without witneſſes:
Without conſent of friends, the parties ſtate
Vnequall to, are ſcarſe legitimate,
And ſo this child, they ſhall a baſtard call:
If yet thou bring'ſt forth any child at all.
Then to begin with ſome revenge, ſhe roſe;
And all her ornaments did diſcompoſe,
And her diſcolour'd Gowne in pieces pull,
And what ſoever made her beautifull.
But leaſt her ſufferings ſhould all paſſive be,
She turnes her puniſhment to induſtry,
And takes of ſeverall Seedes, a certaine meaſure;
Wheat, *Barley*, *Oates*, and a confuſed treaſure
Of *Peaſe*, and *Lentiles*, then all mixt, did poure
Into one heape; with a prefixed houre,
That ere her ſelfe ſhould on our Hemiſpheare,
That might, as the bright evening Starre appeare.
Pſyche each Graine ſhould rightly ſegregate,
A taſque for twenty to elaborate.
This worke aſſign'd, *Venus* from thence did paſſe,
To a Marriage Feaſt, where ſhe invited was.
Poore *Pſyche* all alone amaz'd did ſtand,
Nor to this labour would once ſet her hand:
In her owne thoughts judging her ſelfe unable,
To vanquiſh that, was ſo inextricable;
When loe, a numerous multitude of *Ants*,
Her neighbours, the next feilds inhabitants,
Came thronging in, ſent thether by ſome power,
That pitty tooke on *Cupids Paramour*.
Nor would that wrong ſhould be without defence,
And hated *Venus* for her inſolence.

All

Thoſe eares, that were confuſed, ſhe did ſever,
And thoſe, that ſcatter'd lay, ſhe put together;
Thinking, ſhe ought no worſhip to decline
Of any thing, that ſeem'd to be Divine.
Ceres farre off did *Pſyche* over looke,
When this laborious taske ſhe undertooke,
And as ſhe is a *Goddeſſe*, that does love
Induſtrious people, ſpake to her from above;
Alas poore *Pſyche*, *Venus* is thy foe,
And ſtrives to find thee out with more a doe,
Then I my *Proſerpine*; the Earth, the Sea,
And the hid confines of the Night and Day,
Have all beene ranſackt; ſhe has ſought thee forth,
Through both the *Poles*, & Mantions of the North,
Not the *Ripheans* ſnow, nor all the drought h,
That parches the vaſt deſarts of the ſouth,
Have ſtay'd her ſteps. She has made *Tethis* ſweepe,
To find thee out, the bottome of the deepe,
And vowes that Heaven it ſelfe ſhall thee reſigne,
Though *Iove* had fixt thee, there his concubine.
She never reſts, for ſince ſhe went to bed,
The Roſie Crowne is wither'd from her head:
Thou careleſſe wretch. Thus *Venus* all enrag'd,
Seekes for thy life, whilſt thou art heere ingag'd
'Bout my affaires, and think ſt of nothing leſſe,
Then thine owne ſafety, and loſt happineſſe.
Pſyche fell proſtrate on her face, before
Faire *Ceres* throne, and did her helpe implore,
Moyſtning the Earth with teares, and with her haire
Bruſhing the ground; ſhe ſent up many a Prayer,
By thy fruit-ſcattering hand, I thee entreate,
And the *Sicilian* Feilds, that are the ſeat

Of thy fertility, and by the glad,
And happy ends, the harveſt ever had;
And by thy coach, with winged *Dragons* drawne,
And by the darkeſome hell, that gan to dawne
At the bright marriage of faire *Proſerpine*:
And by the ſilent rites of *Eluſine*,
Impart ſome pitty, and vouchſafe to grant
This ſmall requeſt, to your poore ſupplyant.
I may lye hid among theſe ſheaves of Corne,
Vntill great *Venus* fury be out-worne;
Or that my ſtrength, and faculties ſubdu'd
By weary toyle, a little be renew'd.
But as the worlds accuſtom'd, when they ſee,
Any orewhelm'd with a deepe miſery,
Afford ſmall comfort to their wretched ſtate;
But onely are in words compaſſionate.
So *Ceres* told her, ſhe did greatly grieve
At her diſtreſſe, but durſt her not releive;
For *Venus* was a good, and gratious Queene,
And ſhe her favour highly did eſteeme.
Nor would ſhe ſuccour a contrary ſide,
Being by love, and kin to her ally'd.
Poore *Pſyche* thus repulſ'd, ſoone as ſhe ſaw
Her hopes quite fruſtrate, did her ſelfe withdraw,
And journied on, unto a neighbouring wood,
Where likewiſe a rich *Fane*, and *Temple* ſtood,
Of goodly ſtructure, and before the houſe,
Hung many gifts, and garments pretious,
That by the name engrav'd, and dedication,
Expreſt without, to whom they had relation.
Here *Pſyche* enterd, her low knees did bend,
And both her ſelfe, and fortunes recommend

To

To mighty *Iuno*, and thus ſpake to her.
Thou wife, and ſiſter to the thunderer,
Whether thou doſt in ancient *Samos* lye,
The place of thy firſt birth, and nurſery.
Or by the bankes of *Inacus* abide,
Or thy lou'd *Carthage*; or round Heaven doſt ride
Vpon a *Lyons* backe; that art i'th Eaſt
Call'd *Zigia*, and *Lucina* in the weſt;
Looke on my griefes extremity, and deigne
To eaſe me, of my labour, and my paine.
Thus having pra yed, ſtraight *Iuno* from on high,
Preſents her ſelfe in all her Majeſty,
And ſaid, *Pſyche* I wiſh you had your ends,
And that my Daughter, & your ſelfe were friends:
For *Venus* I have ever held moſt deare,
In as high place, as ſhe my daughter were:
Nor can that, which one *Goddeſſe* has begun,
By any other Deity b'undone,
Beſides the *Stigian* lawes allow no leave,
That we anothers Servant ſhould receive;
Nor can we by the league of friendſhip, give
Reliefe to one, that is a fugitive.
Faire *Pſyche* ſhipwrackt in her hopes againe,
And finding no wayes, how ſhe might obtaine
Her winged husband, caſt the worſt of all;
And thus her thoughts did into queſtion call:
What meanes can be attempted, or apply'd
To this my ſtrange calamity, beſide
What is already uſ'd: for though they wood,
The Gods themſelves, can render me no good,
Why then ſhould I proceed, and unawares
Tender my foot unto ſo many ſnares?

VVhat darkneſſe can protect me? what diſguiſe
Hide me from her inevitable eyes?
Some women, from their crimes, can courage gather,
Then why not I from miſery? and rather,
VVhat I cannot deferre, nor long withſtand,
Yeeld up my ſelfe a priſoner to her hand.
For timely modeſty may mitigate
That rage, which abſence does exaſperate.
And to confirme this, who knows, whether he,
VVhom my ſoule longs for, with his Mother be:
Venus now ſicke of earthly buſineſſe,
Commands her Coach be put in readineſſe:
Whoſe ſubtile ſtructure was all wrought upon,
With gold, with purple, and Vermilion.
Vulcan compos'd the fabrick, 'twas the ſame
He gave his wife, when he a woing came.
Then of thoſe many hundred Doves, that ſoare
About her palace, ſhe ſelected foure,
Whoſe checkred necks to the ſmall traces ty'd,
With nimble gyres they up to Heaven did glide:
A world of ſparrows did by *Venus* fly,
And Nightingales, that ſung melodiouſly.
And other birds accompany'd her Coach,
With pleaſant noiſe, proclaiming her approach:
For neither hardy Eagle, Hawke, nor Kite,
Durſt her ſweet ſounding family affright.
The clouds gave way, and Heaven was open made,
Whilſt *Venus*, *Ioves* high Turrets did invade.
Then having ſilenc'd her obſtreperous quire,
She boldly calls for *Mercury* the cryer,
Ioves meſſenger, who but a while before
Return'd with a looſe arrant, which he bore

To a new Miſtreſſe, and was now t'adviſe
Vpon ſome tricke, to hide from *Iuno's* eyes
Ioves bawderie, for he ſuch feats can doe,
Which are his vertues, and his office to.
When *Venus* ſaw him, ſhe much joy did ſhow,
And ſaid, kind brother *Mercury*, you know,
How I eſteeme your love, at no ſmall rate,
With whom my minde I ſtill communicate:
Without whoſe counſell I have nothing done,
But ſtill preferr'd your admonition.
And now you muſt aſſiſt me; ther's a mayd
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SO ſoone as *Venus* ſaw her, ſhe like one,
That looks 'twixt ſcorne, and indignation,
Rais'd a loud laughter, ſuch as does proceed
From one, that is vext furiouſly indeed.
Then ſhaking of her head, biting her thumb,
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They enter'd; ſhe commands her hands to tye,
And take the poore mayd to their cuſtody.
Which done accordingly, with whips they beate,
And her with torments miſerably intreate.
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They her, with ſcorne, reduce to *Venus* ſight:
Who ſmiling ſaid, 'tis more then time, that I
Should ſet my Nymphs all to worke ſempſtery,
And make your Baby-clours: why this is brave,
And you ſhall *Iuno* for your Mid-wife have.
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And I my ſtile muſt rather boaſt, than ſmother,
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But by your leave, I doubt theſe Marriages,
That are ſolemniz'd without witneſſes:
Without conſent of friends, the parties ſtate
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And ſo this child, they ſhall a baſtard call:
If yet thou bring'ſt forth any child at all.
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Poore *Pſyche* all alone amaz'd did ſtand,
Nor to this labour would once ſet her hand:
In her owne thoughts judging her ſelfe unable,
To vanquiſh that, was ſo inextricable;
When loe, a numerous multitude of *Ants*,
Her neighbours, the next feilds inhabitants,
Came thronging in, ſent thether by ſome power,
That pitty tooke on *Cupids Paramour*.
Nor would that wrong ſhould be without defence,
And hated *Venus* for her inſolence.

All

All theſe by an inſtinct together met,
Themſelves in a tumultuous method ſet
On worke, and each graine *Arithmetically*
Subſtract, devide, and after multiply.
And when that this was done, away they fled:
Each graine being by its kind diſtinguiſhed.
Venus now from the Nuptiall feaſt was come,
Her breath perfum'd with wine, and *Balſamum*,
Her body was with twines of *Mirtles* bound,
Her head with Garlands of ſweet *Roſes* crown'd.
And ſeeing this accompliſht taske, ſhe ſaid
Huſwife, twas not your handy worke convay'd
Theſe ſeedes in order thus, but his, that ſtill
Perſiſts in love, to thine, and his owne ill.
Then on the ground ſhe threw a cruſt of bread,
For *Pſyches* ſupper, and ſo went to bed.
Cupid the while, in a backe roome was put
Vnder the ſame roofe, and in priſon ſhut:
A puniſhment forhis old luxury,
Leaſt he with *Pſyche* ſhould accompany:
And ſo by too much ſtrayning of his ſide,
Might hurt his wound, before twas ſcarrify'd:
But when the Roſie morning drew away,
The ſable curtaine, which let in the day,
Venus to *Pſyche* calls, and bids awake,
Who ſtanding up, ſhe ſhewes to her a Lake,
Environ'd with a rock, beyond whoſe ſteepe
And craggy bottome, graz'd a flock of ſheepe:
They had no ſhepheard, them to feede, or fold,
And yet their well growne fleeces were of gold.
Pallas ſometimes, the pretious lockes would cull,
To make great *Iuno* veſtures of the wooll:

Fetch me, sayes *Venus*, some of that rich haire,
But how you'll doe it, I nor know, nor care.
Psyche obayes, not out of hope to win,
So great a prize, but meaning to leape in,
That in the marish she might end her life,
And so be free'd from *Venus*, and her strife:
When drawing neere, the wind inspired reed,
Spake with a tunefull voice. *Psyche* take heed,
Let not despaire, thee of thy soule beguile,
Nor these my waters with thy death defile:
But rest thee heere, under this Willow tree,
That growing drinkes of the same streame with me;
Keepe from those sheepe, that heated with the sun,
Rage like the *Lyon*, or the *Scorpion*;
None can their stony browes, nor hornes abide,
Till the dayes fire be somewhat qualifi'd.
But when the vapour, and their thirst is quencht,
And *Phebus* horses in the Ocean drencht,
Then you may fetch, what *Venus* does desire,
And find their fleecy gold on every bryer:
Th'oraculous Reed full of humanity,
Thus from her hollow wombe did Prophesie:
And she observing strictly what was taught,
Her apron full of the soft mettle brought,
And gave to *Venus*; yet her gift, and labour,
Gayn'd no acceptance, nor found any favour.
I know the author of this fact, sayes she,
How 'twas the price of his adultery.
But now I will a serious tryall make,
Whether you doe these dangers undertake
With courage, and that wisedome you pretend.
For see that lofty Mountaine, whence descend

Black-

Black-colour'd waters, from earths horrid dennes,
And with their boylings wash the *Stygian* fennes.
From thence augment *Cocytus* foaming rage,
And swell his channell with their surplussage.
Goe now, and some of that dead liquor skim,
And fill this Christall Pitcher to the brim:
Bring it me straight, and so her browes did knit,
Threatning great matters, if she fail'd of it.
With this injunction *Psyche* went her wayes,
Hoping even there to end her wretched dayes.
But comming neere to the prefixed place,
Whose height did court the clouds, & lowest base
Gave those black streames their first originall,
That wearing the hard rocks, did headlong fall
Into the *Stygian* vallies, underneath
She saw a fatall thing, and full of death.
Two watchfull Dragons the straight passage kept,
Whose eyes were never seal'd, nor ever slept.
The waters too said something, *Psyche*, flye;
What doe you here? depart, or you shall dye.
Psyche with terrour of the voyce dejected,
And thought of that might never be effected,
Like *Niobe*, was chang'd into a stone,
In body present, but her minde was gone.
And in the midst of her great griefe, and feares,
Could not enjoy the comfort of her teares.
When *Iove*, whose still protecting providence
Is ever ready to helpe innocence:
Sent the *Saturnian* Eagle, who once led
By *Loves* impulsion, snatcht up *Ganimed*
To be *Ioves* Cup-bearer, from *Ida* hill,
And ever since bore *Cupid* a good will:

And what he could not to his perſon ſhow,
Reſolv'd upon his Miſtreſſe to beſtow.
Then with Angelick ſpeed, when he had left
The Ayres high tracts, and the three Regions cleft,
Before her face he on the meadow ſate,
And ſaid, alaſſe, thou inconſiderate,
And fooliſh Maid, returne back, goe not nigh
Thoſe ſacred ſtreames, ſo full of majeſty.
What hope haſt thou thoſe waters to procure,
VVhich *Iove* himſelfe does tremble to abjure?
No mortall hand may be allowd to touch,
Much leſſe to ſteale a drop, their power is ſuch.
Give me the Pitcher, ſhe it gave; he went
To *Styx*, and fain'd that *Venus* had him ſent.
Pſyche the Vrne did to his tallons tye,
Then with his plumed oares poiz'd equally,
He lets it ſinke betwixt the very jawes
Of thoſe fierce Dragons, and then up it drawes,
And gives it *Pſyche*; ſhe the ſame convay'd
To *Venus*, yet her paines were ill apayd.
Nothing her rage might expiate, but ſtill
The end of one, begins another ill:
For ought, ſayes *Venus*, that I gather can,
You are a VVitch, or ſome Magitian.
What elſe can be concluded out of theſe
Experienc'd impoſſibilities?
If your commerce be ſuch then, you may venter
Boldly to Hell, and when you there ſhall enter,
Me to my couſen *Proſerpine* commend,
And in my name intreat her, ſhe would ſend
Some of her Boxe of beauty to me; ſay,
So much as may ſuffice me for a day:

Excuſe

Excuſe me to her, that my owne is ſpent,
I know not how, by an ill accident.
I am aſham'd to ſpeake it, but 'tis gone,
And waſted all in curing of my ſonne.
But be not ſlack in your returne; for I
Muſt with the *gods* feaſt of neceſſity.
Nor can I thither goe, without diſgrace,
Till I have us'd ſome art unto my face.
Pſyche conceiv'd now, that her life, and fate,
And fortunes all were at their utmoſt date,
Being by *Venus* cruelty thruſt on,
Towards a manifeſt deſtruction:
Which ſhe collects by argument, that thus
With her owne feete, muſt march to *Tanarus*.
In this deluſive agony ſhe roſe,
And by degrees, up to a Turret goes,
Whoſe top orelook't the hills, it was ſo high,
Reſolv'd to tumble headlong from the skie:
Conceiting as her fancy did her feed,
That was the way to goe to Hell indeed.
But then a ſuddaine voice to her did call,
Which brake out of the cavernes of the wall,
That ſaid, ah coward wretch, why doſt thou yeeld
To this laſt labour, and forſake the field?
Whilſt *Victory* her Banner does diſplay,
And with a profer'd Crowne, tempts thee to ſtay.
The way to Hell is eaſie, and the gate
Stands ope; but if the ſoule be ſeparate
Thus from the body, true, ſhe goes to Hell:
Not to returne, but there for ever dwell.
Vertue knows no ſuch ſtop, nor they, whom *Jove*
Either begot, or equally does love.

Now list to me; there is a fatall ground
In *Greece*, beyond *Achaia's* farthest bound,
Neare *Lacedemon*, famous for the rape
Paris on *Hellen* made, and their escape.
Tis quickly found; for with its steemy breath
It blasts the fields, and is the port of death.
The path, like *Ariadnes* clue does guide
To the darke Court, where *Pluto* does abide.
And if you must those dismall regions see,
Then carry in your hand a double fee.
For *Charon* will doe nothing without money;
And you must have sops made of meale, and honey.
It is a doubtfull passage, for there are
Many Decrees, and Lawes peculiar
Must strictly be observ'd; and if once broke,
No ransome, nor entreaty can revoke.
Nor is there prosecution of more strife,
But all are penall statutes on your life.
The first that you shall meete with, as you passe,
Is an old man come driving of an asse,
Decrepid as himselfe, they both shall sweat
With their hard labour, and he shall intreat,
That you would helpe his burthen to unty;
But give no eare, nor stay when you goe by.
And next you shall arrive without delay
To slow *Averne* Lake, where you must pay
Charon his waftage, as before I said,
For avarice does live among the dead:
And a poore man, though tyde serve, and the wind,
If he no stipend bring, must stay behind.
Here as you sayle along, you shall see one
Of squalid hue, they call *Oblivion*,

Heave

Heave up his hands, and on the waters floate,
Praying, you would receive him in your Boate:
But know, all thoſe that will in ſafety be,
Muſt learne to diſaffect ſuch piety.
When you are landed, and a little paſt
The *Stygian* Ferry, you your eyes ſhall caſt,
And ſpy ſome buſie at their wheele, and theſe
Are three old women, call'd the Deſtinies;
They will deſire you, to ſit downe, and ſpin,
And ſhew your owne lifes thread upon the pin.
Yet are they all but ſnares, and doe proceed
From *Venus* malice, to corrupt your creed.
For ſhould you lend your helpe to ſpin, or card,
Or meddle with their diſtaffe, your reward
Might perhaps ſlip out of your hand, and then
You muſt hope never to come back againe.
Next, a huge Maſtiffe ſhall you ſee, before
The Palace-gate, and *Adamantine* dore
That leads to *Dis*, who when he opens wide
His triple throate, the ghoſts are terrifi'd
With his loud barkins, which ſo farre rebound,
They make all Hell to Eccho with their ſound:
Him with a morſell you muſt firſt aſſwage,
And then deliver *Venus* Embaſſage.
For *Proſerpine* ſhall kindly you intreat,
And will provide a banquet, and a ſeat.
But if you ſit, ſit on the ground, and taſte
None of her dainties, but declare in haſte
VVhat you deſire, which ſhe will ſtraight deliver:
Then with thoſe former rules, paſſe backe the river:
Give the three-headed dogge his other ſhare,
And to the greedy Marriner his fare.

Keepe

Keepe faſt theſe precepts whatſoere they be,
And thinke on *Orpheus*, and *Euridice*.
But above all things, this obſerve to doe,
Take heed, you open not, nor pry into
The beauties Boxe, elſe ſhall you there remaine;
Nor ſee this Heaven, nor theſe Starres againe.
The ſtone incloſed voyce, did friendly thus
Pſyche forewarne, with ſignes propitious.

The laſt Section.

SO ſoone as *Pſyche* got all things together,
That might be uſefull for her going thither,
And her returne, to *Tenarus* ſhe went,
And the Infernall paſſage did attempt:
VVhere all thoſe ſtrange, and fatall propheſies
Accompliſht were in their occurrences.
For firſt ſhe paſſes by with careleſſe ſpeed,
The old man, and his Aſſe, and gave no heed
Either unto his perſon, or deſire.
And next ſhe payes the Ferry-man his hire;
And though *Oblivion*, and the Fates did woe her,
VVith many ſtrong temptations, to undoe her,
Vliſſes like, ſhe did their prayers decline,
And came now to the houſe of *Proſerpine*.
Before the Palace was a ſtately Court,
Where forty Marble-pillars did ſupport
The roofe, and frontiſ-piece, that bore on high
Pluto's owne ſtatue, grav'd in Ebony.
His face, though full of majeſty, was dim'd
With a ſad cloud, and his rude throne untrim'd:
His golden Scepter was eate in with ruſt,
And that againe quite overlayd with duſt.

Ceres was wrought him by, with weeping eyne,
Lamenting for the loſſe of *Proſerpine*.
Her daughters rape was there ſet downe at full,
Who while that ſhe too ſtudiouſly did pull
The purple Violet, and ſanguine Roſe,
Lillies, and low growne Panſies; to compoſe
Wreathes for the Nymphes, regardles of her health
'Twas ſoone ſurpriz'd, and ſnacht away by ſtealth.
Forc'd by the King of the infernall powers,
And ſeem'd to cry, and looke after her flowers.
Enceladus was ſtrecht upon his backe,
While *Plutoes* Horſe hooſes, and coach did wracke
His bruiſed body. *Pallas* did extend
The *Gorgons* head. *Delia* her bow did bend;
And Virgins both, their Vncle did defy
Like Champions, to defend virginity.
The Sun, and Stars were wrapt in ſable weedes,
Dampt with the breath, of his *Tanarian* Steedes.
All theſe, and more were portray'd round about,
VVhich filth defac'd, or time had eaten out.
Three headed *Cerberus* the gate did keepe,
VVhom *Pſyche* with a ſop firſt layd to ſleepe;
And then went ſafely by, where firſt ſhe ſaw
Hells Iudges ſit, and urging of the law:
The place was parted in two ſeverall wayes,
The right hand to *Elyſium* convayes;
But on the left, were malefactors ſent,
The ſeate of tortures, and ſtrange puniſhment.
There *Tantalus* ſtands thirſty to the chin,
In water, but can take no liquor in.
Ixion too, and *Siſiphus*; the one
A wheele, the other turnes a reſtleſſe ſtone.

A Vulture there on *Titius* does wreake
The Gods juſt wrath, and pounding with his beake,
On his immortall liver ſtill does feed,
For what the day does waſt, the night does breed:
And other ſoules are forced to reveale,
VVhat unjuſt pleaſures they on Earth did ſteale;
Whom fiery *Phlegeton* does round incloſe,
And *Stix* his waves does nine times interpoſe.
The noyſe of whipps, and Furies, did ſo fright
Poore *Pſyches* eares, ſhe haſted to the right.
That path way ſtraight, for on each ſide there grew
A Grove of mournefull *Cypreſſe*, and of *Yew*:
It is the place of ſuch as happy dye.
There, as ſhe walked on, did Infants cry,
Whom cruell death ſnacht from their teats away,
And rob'd of ſweet life, in an evill day.
There Lovers live, who living here, were wiſe;
And had their Ladies, to cloſe up their eyes.
There Mighty *Heroes* walke, that ſpent their bloud,
In a juſt cauſe, and for their Countries good.
All theſe beholding through the glimering ayre,
A morrall; and ſo exquiſitely faire, (ning
Thicke as the motes, in the Sun beames came run-
To gaze, and know the cauſe too of her comming;
Which ſhe diſſembled, onely aſkt to know,
Where *Pluto* dwelt, for thither ſhe muſt goe:
A guide was ſtraight aſſign'd, who did attend,
And *Pſyche* brought ſafe to her journies end,
Who being entred, proſtrate on her knee,
She humbly tenders *Venus* Embaſſy.
Great *Plutoes* Queene preſented to her gueſt,
A Princely *Throne* to ſit on, and a feaſt,

Wiſhing

Wiſhing her taſt, and her tyr'd limbes refreſſe,
After her journey, and her wearineſſe.
Pſyche excus'd it, that ſhe could not ſtay,
And if ſhe had her arrant would away.
But *Proſerpine* reply'd, you doe not know
Faire Maya, the joyes and pleaſures are below,
Stay and poſſeſſe, what ever I call mine,
For other Lights, and other Starres doe ſhine
VVithin our territories, the day's not loſt,
As you imagine, in the *Elyſian* coaſt.
The Golden *Age*, and Progeny is heere,
And that Fam'd *Tree*, that does in *Autumne* beare
Cluſters of Gold, whoſe *Apples* thou ſhalt hoard,
Or each meale, if thou pleaſe, ſet on the board.
The Matrons of *Elyſium* at thy becke,
Shall come and goe; and buried Queenes ſhall deck
Thy body, in more ſtately ornaments,
Then all Earths fayned Majeſty preſents:
The pale and ſqualid region ſhall rejoyce,
Silence ſhall breake forth a pleaſant voice:
Sterne *Pluto* ſhall himſelfe to mirth betake,
And crowned Ghoſts ſhall banquet for thy ſake;
New Lampes ſhall burne, if thou wilt here abide,
And nights thicke darkeneſſe ſhall be rariſi'd,
What ere the winds upon the Earth doe ſweepe
Rivers, or Fennes embrace, or the vaſt deepe,
Shall be thy tribute; and I will deliver
Vp for thy Servant, the *Lethean* River:
Beſides the *Parca* ſhall thy Hand-maides be,
And what thou ſpeak'ſt, ſtand for a deſtiny.
Pſyche gave thankes; but did her plainely tell,
She would not be a Courtier unto hell:

When wondring that such honours did not please,
She offerd gifts, farre richer, then all these.
For as a Dowry, at her feet she laid
The mighty engines, which the world upwaigh'd,
And vow'd to give her immortality,
And all the pleasures, and the royalty
Of the *Elysian* Fields; which wisely she
Refus'd, for Hell, with all their power, and skill,
Though they allure, they cannot force the will.
This vext faire *Proserpine*, any should know
Their horrid secrets, and have power to show,
Vnto the upper world, what she had seene
Of Hell, and *Styx*, of *Pluto*, and his Queene,
Yet since she might not her owne lawes withstand,
She gave the boxe of beauty in her hand.
And *Psyche*, with those precepts us'd before,
The Sunnes bright beames did once againe adore
Then, as she thought, being out of all controule,
A curious rashnesse did possesse her soule,
That slighting of her charge, and promis'd duty,
She greatly itcht, to adde to her owne beauty;
Saying, ah foole, to beare so rich a prize,
And yet through feare, dost envy thine owne eyes
The happy object, whose reflexion might,
Gaine thee some favour, in young *Cupids* sight:
The voyce forbad me, but I now am free,
From *Venus* vision, and Hells custody.
And so without all scruple, she unlocks,
And lets forth the whole treasure of the boxe,
VVhich was not any thing to make one faire,
But a meere *Stygian*, and infernall ayre;

VVhose

Whoſe ſubtle breathings through her pores did
And ſtuft her body with a cloud of ſleepe, (creepe,
But *Cupid* now, not able to endure
Her longer abſence, having gain'd his cure,
And prun'd his ruffled wings, flew through the gate
Of his cloſe priſon, to ſeeke out his Mate:
Where finding her in this dull Lethargy,
He drew the foggy vapour from her eye;
And that her ſtupid ſpirits might awake,
Did all the drowſie exhalation ſhake
From off her ſence; ſhe ſhut it up, and ſeal'd
The Boxe ſo faſt, it ne're might be reveal'd.
Next, with his harmleſſe Dart, ſmall as a pin,
He prick't the *ſuperficies* of her skin:
Saying, what wondrous frailty does poſſeſſe
This female kind, or rather wilfulneſſe?
For loe, thy fooliſh curioſity,
Has tempted thee againe to perjury.
What proud exploit was this? what horrid fact?
Be ſure, my mother *Venus* will exact
A ſtrict accompt, of all that has beene done,
Both of thy ſelfe, and thy commiſſion.
But yet for all this treſpaſſe, be of cheere,
And in a humble duty perſevere,
Detaine from *Venus* nought, that is her owne,
And for what elſe remaines, let me alone.
Thus *Pſyche* by her Lover being ſent,
And waxing ſtrong, through his encouragement,
The Boxe of beauty unto *Venus* brings,
Whilſt *Cupid* did betake him to his wings:
For when he ſaw his Mother ſo auſtere,
Forc'd by the violence of love, and feare,

He pierced the Marble concave of the ſky,
To Heaven appeal'd, and did for Juſtice cry;
Pleading his cauſe, and in the ſacred preſence
Of *Iove* himſelfe, did his Love-ſuit commence.
Iove at his ſight, threw by his rayes, ſo pure,
That no eyes but his owne might them endure:
Whom *Cupid* thus beſpake; Great *Iove*, if I
Am borne your true, and lawfull progeny:
If I have playd betweene your armes, and ſate
Next to your ſelfe, but ſince growne to a ſtate
Of riper yeeres, have beene thought fit to beare
An equall ſway, and move in the ſame ſpeare
Of honour with you, by whoſe meanes, both men,
And *gods* have trembled at my Bow, as when
Your ſelfe have darted thunder-bolts, and ſlaine
The earth bred Gyants, in the *Phlegrian* Plaine.
And when in ſeverall ſcales my ſhafts were layd
With your owne *Trident*, neither has out-waigh'd.
I come not now, that you ſhould either give,
Confirme, or adde to my prerogative.
But ſetting all command, and power aſide,
Deſire by law, and juſtice to be try'd.
For whither elſe ſhould I appeale? or bring
My cauſe, but to your ſelfe, that are a King,
And father to us all, and can diſpence
What right you pleaſe, in Court, and Conſcience?
I have beene wrong'd, and muſt, with griefe indite
My Mother of much cruelty, and ſpight
To me, and my poore *Pſyche*: there's but one,
In the whole world, that my affection,
And fancy likes, where others doe enjoy
So many; the diverſity does cloy

Their

Their very appetite: yet who but owes
All his delight to me? and *Venus* knows,
By her owne thoughts, the uncontrouled fire
That reignes in youth, when *love* does him inſpire.
Yet ſhe without all pitty, or remorſe,
Me, and my Miſtreſſe, labours to divorce.
I covet no ones ſpouſe, nor have I taken
Anothers Love; there's not a man forſaken,
Or *god*, for my ſake, that bewayles his deare,
Or bathes his ſpoyled boſome with a teare:
Then why ſhould any, me, and my Love ſever?
That joyne all other hearts, and loves together?
Iove heard him out, and did applaud his ſpeach,
And both his hand, and Scepter to him reach.
Then calling *Cupid*, his ſmooth fingers layd
On his *Ambroſiack* cheeke, and kiſſing ſayd,
My little youngſter, and my ſonne, 'tis true,
That I have never yet receiv'd from you
Any due reverence, or reſpective meed,
Which all the other *gods* to me decreed.
For this my heart, whoſe high preheminence
Gives Edicts to the Starres, and does diſpence
The like to Nature, your fine hand the while,
With earthly luſts ſtill labours to defile;
And contrary to publick diſcipline,
And 'gainſt all lawes, both Morall, and Divine,
Chiefly the *Iulian*, thou doſt fill mine eyes
With many foule, and cloſe adulteries.
For how oftimes, have I through vaine deſire
Beene chang'd to beaſts, birds, ſerpents, and to fire?
Which has procur'd all cenſures, and much blame,
And hurt my eſtimation, and my fame:

Yet

Yet being pleas'd with this thy fooliſh ſport,
I'me loath to leave it, though I'me ſorry for't;
And on condition thou wilt uſe thy wit,
In my behalfe, and minde the benefit,
I will performe all thy demands: if when
Thou ſeeſt faire Damſells on the earth agen,
Remembring thou waſt brought up on my knee,
That every ſuch Mayd thou wilt bring to mee.
Cupid aſſents; then *Iove* bids *Maya's* ſonne,
Publiſh a royall Proclamation,
Through the Precincts of Heaven, and call at once
A generall councell, and a Seſſions,
That the whole bench, and race of Deities,
Should in their ſeverall rankes, and pedegrees,
Repaire ſtraight to his Court, this to be done,
In paine of *Ioves* diſpleaſure, and a ſumme
Of money to be laid upon his head,
And from his lands, and goods be levied,
If any *god* ſhould dare himſelfe abſent,
For any cauſe, from this great Parliament:
And that whoever had his name i'th' booke,
His fyne, but his excuſe ſhould not be tooke.
This being nois'd abroad, from every where,
The leſſer *gods* came thronging out of feare,
And the Celeſtiall Theater did thwack,
That *Atlas* ſeem'd to groane under his pack.
Then *Iove* out of his Ivory throne did riſe,
And thus beſpake them: Conſcript Deities,
For ſo the *Muſes* with their whiteſt ſtone,
Have writ your Names, and Titles, every one.
You know my Nephew *Cupid*; for the moſt
Of us, I'me ſure, have felt him to our coſt:

Whoſe

Whose youthfull heat I have still sought in vaine,
And his licentious ryot to restraine.
But that his lewd life be no farther spread,
His lusts, nor his corruptions published.
I hold it fit, that we the cause remove,
And bind him in the fetters of chast love;
And since that he has made so good a choice,
Of his owne wife, let each *god* give his voice,
That he enjoy her, and for ever tye
Vnto himselfe, in bands of Matrimony.
Then unto *Venus* turning his bright face,
Daughter, he sayes, conceive it no disgrace,
That *Psyche* marries with your sonne; for I,
That where I please, give immortality,
Will alter her condition, and her state,
And make all equall, and legitimate.
With that, command to *Mercury* was given,
That he should fetch faire *Psyche* unto Heaven:
And when that she into their presence came,
Her wondrous beauty did each *god* inflame.
Then *Jove* reacht forth a cup with *Nectar* fraught,
And bad her be immortall with the draught:
So joyn'd them hand in hand, and vow'd beside,
That she with her deare *Cupid* should abide;
Ne're to be separate; and more t'enlarge
His bounty, made a Feast at his owne charge,
Where he plac'd *Cupid* at the upper end,
And amorous *Psyche* on his bosome lean'd.
Next sate himselfe, and *Iuno*, then each gueſt,
And this great Dinner was by *Vulcan* dreſt.
The *Graces* strewd the roome, and made it smile
With blushing Roses, and sweet flowers; the while

The ſpheares danc'd harmony. *Apollo* ran
Diviſion on his Harpe, *Satyr*, and *Pan*
Play'd on their Pipes: the Quire of Muſes ſang,
And the vaſt concave of *Olimpus* rang,
With pious acclamations to the Bride;
And joy'd that *Pſyche* was thus deify'd.
Hermes, and *Venus* mov'd their graceſull Feet,
And did in artificiall meaſures meet;
The *Phrygian* boy fill'd wine at this great feaſt,
Only to *Iove*, and *Bacchus* to the reſt.

Thus *Cupid* had his love, and not long after,
Her wombe by *Iuno's* helpe, brought forth a daugh-
A child, by nature different from all, (ter.
That laught when ſhe was borne, and men did call
Her *Pleaſure*; one, that does exhilarate
Both Gods, and men, and does her ſelfe dilate
Through all ſocieties, chiefly the beſt,
Where there is any tryumph, or a feaſt.
Shee was the *Author*, that did firſt invent
All kinds of ſport, conceits, and meriment:
And ſince to all mens humours does incline,
Whether, that they be ſenſuall, or Divine.
Is of a modeſt, and a looſe behaviour,
And of a ſetled, and a wanton favour:
Moſt dangerous, when ſhe appeares moſt kind;
For then ſhee'll part, and leave a ſting behind:
But happy they, that can her ſtill detaine,
For where ſhe is moſt fixt, ſhe is leaſt vaine.

FINIS.

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